

*A rare and curious little volume.
No 2^d vol. was ever published.
See Campbell's History of Poetry in Scotland
p. 168-174.*



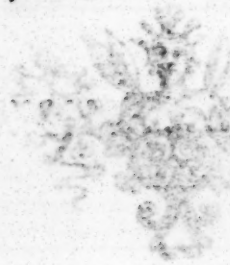
T H E
Edinburgh Miscellany:
Consisting of
ORIGINAL POEMS
TRANSLATIONS, &c.

*This contains some of the early pieces of
Thomson & Mallet, who afterwards rose to
eminence; some pieces by the celebrated
old Kames; and Poems by some ladies,
members of "The fair intellectual Club,"
established at Edinburgh.*

THE
Edinburgh Miscellany:

Consisting of
ORIGINAL POEMS,
TRANSLATIONS OF
FRENCH POETRY,

x *There never was but one
Vol. says Lord Woudhouse
see much about this
miscellany, in the Edinb.
Evening Courant 1749. - 1720*



Printed by J. MILLER and COMPANY, and to
be sold at the late J. M. GARDNER'S shop in Edinburgh.
MDCCLXX.

THE
Edinburgh Miscellany :
Consisting of
ORIGINAL POEMS,
TRANSLATIONS, &c.

By Various Hands.

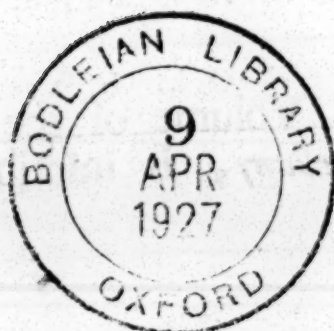
VOL. I. ✕

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est.
HOR.



EDINBURGH,
Printed by J. M'EVEN and COMPANY, and to
be sold at the said J. M'Euen's Shop in *Edinburgh*,
MDCCLXX.

To the Right Honourable
CHANCELLOR
OF THE EXCHEQUER
OF THE KING



Presented by the
Bodleian Library
to the
Bodleian Library
of the University of Oxford
on the 9th April 1927

The Publishers



To the Right Honourable

C H A R L E S

Earl of LAUDERDALE, &c.

THIS Volume of the *Edinburgh Miscellany*, is inscrib'd by his Lordship's

Most obedient, and

most humble Servants,

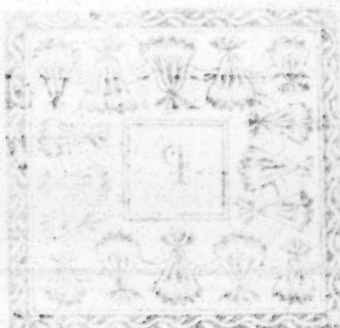
THE PUBLISHERS.



CHATELAIN
R. F. CHATELAIN

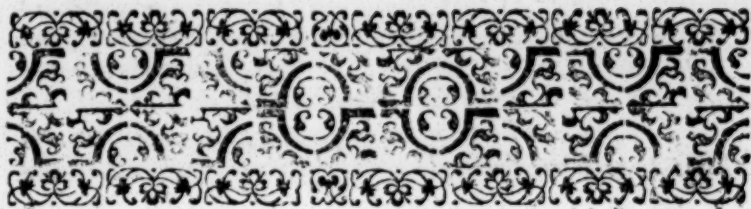
of the people of the world, who are the only ones who can save the world.

which has resulted in
various types of W's,
being introduced into
Way of Life movement with
introduction of the ingenious



Liberty and well-cultivated Gardens.
Tulips and Ragged Flowers, and the from the
Hedge or Hillock, we now gather in delicious
above the Ground. From every Field, from every
with held, or at least not have permitted to be
self and Agents of their native soil, would have
cells and curious Fancies, which the natural Rude-
many a Bolson, and its rear'd abundance Con-

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T H E P R E F A C E.



EACE * be with the Soul
of that charitable and
courteous Author, who,
for the common Benefit
of his Fellow-Creatures,
introduc'd the ingenious
Way of *Miscellaneous* writ-
ting! It has disclos'd those
various Seeds of Wit,
which lay suppress'd in

many a Bosom; and has rear'd numberless Con-
ceits and curious Fancies, which the natural Rude-
ness and Asperity of their native Soil wou'd have
with-held, or at least not have permitted to rise
above the Ground. From every Field, from every
Hedge or Hillock, we now gather as delicious
Fruits and fragrant Flowers, as of old from the
richest and best cultivated Gardens.

a 3

The

* *Earl of Shaftesbury's Characteristicks. Vol. 2.*

The Publishers of this Miscellany have the Pleasure to entertain their Country, and particularly this good Town, with a variety of Poems, that had either never been compos'd, or never seen the Light without it. There are indeed several Performances scattered throughout this Volume that have formerly appear'd in print, and wou'd have got no Place here, if the Nature of a Miscellany had not requir'd their Presence, or if People cou'd have had the Patience to peruse them with all the Disadvantages that bad Paper and Types afforded elsewhere. Most of the Pieces that are new, or were never published before, have the initial Letter of their Author's Name subscribed to them, as they were convey'd to us. We don't pretend to know every one whose Productions we have judg'd tolerable, and worthy of a Place in this Collection. But, if we guess right, the best of 'em are done by young People, at School or College. This we reckon, is so far from being a reproach to the Miscellany, that it shou'd recommend it, and give a promising Idea of our rising Generation. And we own it, we have ventur'd to publish several juvenile Poems, where the Darwings of a good Genius appear'd, merely to encourage the Authors, and raise a generous Emulation amongst their Companions. Perhaps our Fondness to cherish the sprightly Youth, has occasion'd some Blunders here and there in this Volume, which we wou'd not have indulg'd in the Performances of more grown People. Yet, we are confident, there are fewer Faults in their Productions, than may be found in the Poems formerly printed in the Scots Miscellany and other Papers, publish'd by Men of Character. As for the LADIES, who have generously contributed to make up this Work, we are proud to declare, that, tho they have sent us few of their Composures, they have sent nothing that is refuse. And therefore, while we publicly thank them for the Assistance already receiv'd,

we

The Preface.

iii.

we beg they will continue to shine like the brighter Constellations amongst Luminaries of a dimmer Aspect. The rest of that delicate Sex, will excuse us, tho' we particularly thank the Fair Intellectual Club for the Poems they have been pleas'd to favour us with for publick Use. And we presume the ingenious Readers of their Performances will allow us to intreat them to send more to bespangle the second Volume.

Tho' the snarling Part of Mankind may easily find Matter to work on here; tho' they may censure, very justly, a great many Poems taken separately; yet there are also Pieces against which Malice it self can find no Exception, for the sake of which the rest may be allowed to pass Scot-free (to use our own Idiom) in a Work of this Sort. If the Refuse were judiciously separated from the good Stuff, in many English Collections of Poetry, we wou'd have fewer, at least less bulky ones at present. But 'tis not our Design to curry Favour to our selves, or to obviate the Objections that may be rais'd against the following Miscellany, from a Plea of Error in the Undertakings and Performances of others. As we are conscious of the Integrity and Generosity of our Endeavours for the Honour of our Country and the Improvement of the Youth, so we dread not the Fury of those who think 'tis modish and witty to Censure. We reckon we are secure enough against the Aims of Envy, yet freely allow others to think and speak as they please concerning Poetry and this particular Collection: Tho' we can't help putting the Readers in mind, that since they are not solemnly invited to the Entertainment, but come accidentally, they ought to be contented with what they find. And pray what have they to complain of, but too great Variety? Where, tho' some of the Dishes (as a certain Author writes) be not served in the exactest Order and Politeness, but hash'd up in haste, there are a great many accommodated

commodated to every particular Palate. To like every thing shows too little Delicacy; and to like nothing, too much Difficulty. So great is the Variety of this Collection, that the Reader who is never pleased, will appear as monstrous, as he that is always so. Amongst such different Hands and Arguments it cannot be expected that they should all be equally finished; neither, if they were so, wou'd they be so esteem'd by Readers of different Palates. The worst Poem here may please somebody. To please every one wou'd be a new thing, as to write to nobody's Satisfaction wou'd also be prodigious. And the same Poem that pleases not a Reader's Humour and Taste at one time, may at another.

We shall conclude, when we have advis'd the Readers to pass over what suits not their Humour, since the shortness of the Poems and their various Subjects cannot but afford something in one Place or another of the Volume that may be entertaining. Our Book-seller desires we should add, that, since there are none of our own Compositions here, the second Volume (which may succeed this very soon) shall contain a considerable Number of them.

W. C.



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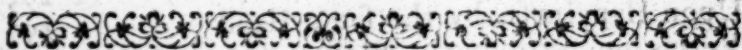
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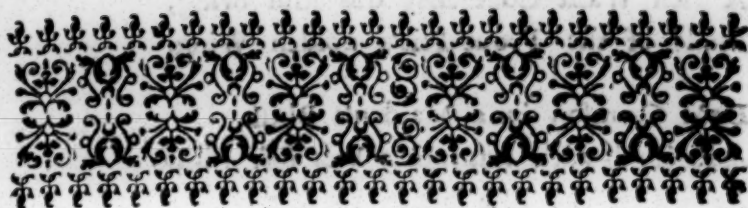
For unhappy read happy, Page 80, Verse 10. For Lion
read Zion, Page 135, Verse 14.

^ *The present State of Love and Poetry*
By a member of the fair intellectual Club. 187
Signed C.



THE





T H E
Edinburgh Miscellany :
O R, A
Collection of P O E M S, &c.

On the KING of FAIRY.

U P O N a time the Fairy Elves,
Having first arrayed themselves,
They thought it meet to cloath their King,
In Robes most fit for Revelling.

He had a Cobweb-Shirt, more thin
Than ever Spider since could spin ;
Bleach'd in the Whiteness of the Snow,
When Northren Winds outrageous blow :

And, in that vast and open Air,
No Shirt is half so Fine or Fair.

2 *The Edinburgh Miscellany :*

A rich Waist-Coat they did him bring,
Made of the Trout-Flie's golden Wing,

Dy'd Crimson in a Maiden's Blush,
And lin'd with humming Bees soft Plush.
At which the Elfe began to fret,
And sware, 'Twould cast him in a Sweat.

He, for his Coolness, needs would wear
A Waist-Coat made of Downy Hair,
New taken from an Eunuch's Chin;
It pleas'd him well, 'twas wondrous thin.

His Hat was all of Ladies Love,
So passing light that it would move,
If any Gnat or humming Fly
But beat the Air in passing by.

About it went a Wreath of Pearl,
Dropt from the Eyes of some poor Girl,
Pinched, because she had forgot
To leave clean Water in the Pot.

His Breeches and his Cassock were
Made of the Tinsel Garsummer:
Down by its Seam there went a Lace
Drawn by an unctuous Snail's slow Pace.



On

On the QUEEN.

NO sooner was their King attyr'd,
As never Prince had been :
But, as in Duty was requir'd,
They next array their Queen.

Of shining Threed, shut from the Sun,
And twisted into Line,
On the light Wheel of Fortune spun,
Was made her Smock so fine.

Her Gown was very colour'd fair,
The Rain-bow gave the Dip ;
Perfumed by an Amber-Air,
Breath'd from a Virgin's Lip.

The Stuff was of a Morning-dawn,
When *Phabus* did but peep,
But by a Poet's Pencil drawn
In *Chloris* Lap asleep.

Her Vail was white and pale-fac'd-by,
Invented by a Maid,
When she (poor Soul) by some bad Spy
Had newly been betray'd.

Her Necklace was of subtle Tye
Of glorious Atoms, set
In the pure black of Beauty's Eye,
As they had been in Jet.

4 *The Edinburgh Miscellany:*

Her Shoes were all of Maiden-Heads,
So passing thin and light,
That all her Care was how she treads;
A Thought had burst them quite.

The Revels ended, she put off,
Because her Grace was warm:
She fann'd her with a Lady's Scoff,
And so she took no Harm.



C Æ L I A ' s
Country-House and Closet.

By Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, *Advocate*
to K. Charles II. and K. James VII.

[*The Author invokes FRIENDSHIP as his Muse*]

I Sing no Triumphs, nor such empty Things,
'Tis solid *Friendship* gives me Theme and Wings:
Friendship! that wiser Rival of vain Love,
Which does more firm, tho' not so fiery prove;
My Subject, thou the Muse whom I invoke,
Fire thou my Breast, but fire it without Smoke:
If thou my Thoughts wilt ripen with thy Rays,
Around my Brows shall spring immortal Bays.
Virgil himself hath of me no such Odds,
As *Friendship*, of his *Cæsar* and his Gods:

Friend-

Friendship's as strong, tho' rarer than of old,
 And does like Fire in Water grow more cold.
 I'll rise, I'll rise then, by a tow'ring Flight
 Above my own, tho' far below its Height :
 I can my Thoughts, but cannot raise my Theme,
 There's too much Merit in her charming Name :
 As Warmth doth Flow'rs, so Beauty ripens Wit,
 And makes Men think what's High, and say what's Fit.
 Yet, gentle Muse, let not thy Zeal conspire,
 With *Celia's* Eyes, to set the World on Fire,
 Lest her Adorer thou her Victim turn :
 A Poet's Flame should warm, but should not burn.

[*The* PALACE.]

UPON a Plain, where nothing bounds the Eye
 But what could please without Variety,
 A Palace, on a small Ascent, doth stand,
 And views those Vallies which it doth command ;
 Long Rows of Orange-trees upon each Side,
 The wond'ring Eye to that great Palace guide :
 Betwixt which Rows, most pleasant Ponds they see,
 Which with the Avenue in Length agree.
Neptune with's Trident on the Brink doth stand,
 Prouder those, than the Ocean to command :
Glaucus his *Galatea* does admire,
 And in cool Waters feeds his scorching Fire ;
 But whilst he Angles in those pleasant Lakes,
 He's more a Captive than the Fish he takes.

Two little *Cupids*, with a trembling Hand,
 Cover their Ears, lest *Triton*, who does stand
 Sounding his shelly Trumpet, should them wound;
 For nothing more, than Noise does Love confound.
 Over those Ponds, th' inclining Trees do look,
 Making a Mirror of the glassy Brook:
 Those fleecy Clouds, the Bottles of the Rain
 Beget their Likeness on the wat'ry Plain.
 The dazling Sun baths there his scorching Beams,
 As if he wash'd his Spots in those pure Streams.
 Here our *Antipodes* our Fancy sees,
 And Fishes seem to nestle in the Trees:
 Whilst others of them swim upon the Sky,
 And Birds, at once, here and above do fly:
 Their Surface does, as pav'd with cristall Show,
 Whilst we see curious Landskips drawn below.
 But when those Waters shew their Lady's Face,
 The World can boast of no such Picture-Cafe.
 There, Pleasure does the Swans and Wild-Ducks tame,
 Who, on their Beds of Down, rest in the Stream:
 The scaly Flocks dance in the yielding Deep,
 And with the warbling Birds the Cadence keep;
 Like Beams lanc't from the Sun, themselves they dart,
 So swift, that they appear in ev'ry Part.

[*The WOOD.*]

A WOOD does Warm or Shade its either Side,
 In which the Trees do rise with equal Pride,

And

And to the Heavens, like Arms, their Branches spread,
To thank those for the Rain by which they're fed.
Here wander those whom Love hath led astray;
But her they shun they still find in their Way:
To him whose Heart this conqu'ring Passion wears,
Each Hill, each Tree, the charming Image bears,
And as with ev'ry Thing we still see Light,
So whatsoe'er we see, she's still in Sight:
Each Tree's a Cage and Consort, where we hear
How Liberty the very Birds does chear:
'Tis not the Spring does them to Singing move,
But they do Sing because they're then in Love:
Love on Gray-Hairs a blooming Youth can bring;
For Love is Nature's Musick, Youth the Spring:
Like Youth 'tis Gay, it like to Musick charms,
And, like the Spring, from Rigidness it warms.
In those sweet Fields, the happy Shepherds play,
And, by their Looks, speak more than we can say;
No Thought nor Face needs here a cheating Dress,
What true Love thinks, kind Nature does express:
O! how they Laugh at Favours bought and sold,
And scorn the Triumphs of bewitching Gold!
May no edg'd Tool, their friendly Boughs invade,
Which eager Raptures of charm'd Lovers Shade!

[*Her* FATHER'S STATUE.]

A B O V E the Gate, her Father's Statue stands,
Whose Actions did exceed his great Commands,

Whose

Whose Friendship, like his Wit, was just and strong,
 He would not do, nor could he suffer Wrong :
 In War, like Fire which spacious Forrests burns,
 And make great Wastes where e'er its Fury turns :
 In Peace he, Angel-like, Respect did draw,
 By Merit, and by Love, kept Men in Awe.
 Courage did to his Reason give an Edge,
 And Reason smooth'd what Courage had of Rage :
 His Courage thus was Wise, his Reason Bold,
 This cool'd its Heat, that warm'd what was too Cold.

[*The* GARDENS.]

SPREAD to the East, embroider'd Gardens ly,
 O'er which the Sun looks with a fruitful Eye,
 As his sweet Offspring, and seems to be vain,
 That glorious *Solomon* and all his Train
 Were, by the greatest Master, thought out-done
 By those Robes he had for the Lillies spun.
 Here he doth all his Morning Blushes place
 Upon a Rose's, or a Tulip's, Face ;
 Whilst others of his Rays, with pow'r, are sent
 The Pinks and fragrant July-Flow'rs to paint,
 And all the Whiteness that he can exhale
 From her fair Checks, he lessen'd, does let fall
 On the *Narcissus* ; but it here looks pale,
 Asham'd thus from the Origine to fail.
 Here Labyrinths so please, that we may doubt
 If Art or Pleasure hinder getting out.

A Fountain-Nymph darts Water up on high,
And from the Centre doth the Garden spy,
Which doth with *Eden* in all Things agree,
Save that its Mistress will not tempted be.

[*An* ARTIFICIAL ROCK.]

SHE here an artificial Rock hath rais'd,
By which, ev'n whilst we're cheated, we are pleas'd:
Here Nature's equal'd, future Art defy'd,
No Lady's Glass could have more justly ly'd.
Here, do the Melancholy Pleasure find,
And Print their Thoughts upon the mossy Rind:
From this the bearded Streams do fall from high,
And as they bruised were, they Roar and Cry.
In other Rocks, well busk'd with Trees, Birds nest,
Some Court, some Sing, some Fly, and some few Rest.

[*A* MULTIPLYING ECHO.]

AN Echo ready to repeat her Words,
With many Mouths a sweet Return affords;
And whilst she Sings, they do in Confort sound,
Her Words so please her, that they all rebound.
The balmy Morning there doth early rise,
Deck'd with the Glories of the Eastren Skies:
But seeing far more Orient in her Face,
It, blushing, does retire to give them Place.
The happier Sun does rise in Pride and Haste,
That he his Eyes may on that Wonder Feast,

By

By which impregnate with more radiant Light,
 He in fresh Lustre, soars a higher Flight :
 But from that Height, seeing her Glories shine,
 He bows in Homage, hasting to decline ;
 And to the other World does wisely run,
 So great a Rival of his Light to shun.

[*The PRAISE of a COUNTRY LIFE*]

O happy Country Life, pure like their Air,
 Free from the Rage of Pride, the Pangs of Care,
 Here happy Souls ly bath'd in soft Content,
 And are at once Secure and Innocent :
 No Passion here but Love ; here is no Wound
 But that by which Lovers their Names confound
 On Barks of Trees ; whilst with a smiling Face
 They see how these kind Letters still embrace.
 Here the kind Myrtles their sweet Branches spread,
 And sure no Laurel cast so sweet a Shade.
 Yet all these Country Pleasures, without Love,
 Would but a dull, a tedious Prison prove :
 But oh ! what Woods, Parks, Meadows, Gardens, ly
 In the blest Circle of a Mistress Eye ;
 What Courts, what Camps, what Triumphs do we find
 In her sweet Converse, when she will be kind ?
 And what a dull thing should this World have been,
 If charming Beauties were not to be seen ?
 For when we miss fair *Calix* in this Place,
 Her Absence does it Ruin and Disgrace.

[*The*

[*The* CLOSET.]

TO find Defects, or with Additions, here,
Does equally impossible appear.
From this then, to her Closet, I'll retire;
For what she loves we justly may admire:
The Rooms Quadrangle, and the Walls do rise
With so much Justness in their Squares and Size,
That two Impressions by the self same Seal
Do not in all their Lines accord more well.
She in her Floor doth trample under Foot
A Glob, in rich Mosaick Marble cut:
As her Thoughts do, what that does represent,
Not like us ravish'd with it, tho' content;
From Heav'n, which the rich Roof does represent,
A cristal Candlestick seem to be sent.

[*Our* SAVIOUR'S PICTURE.]

OUR Saviour there so living seems to be,
He *Calvin* could oblige to bow his Knee;
The Painter cut so deep his bleeding Wounds,
That Art and Grief, both please us and confounds:
Yet, Lord, when I these Wounds thus bleeding see,
I must conclude they bleed at Sight of me;
I in thy Death o'er-act his fatal Part
Who pierc'd thy Side, for I do pierce thy Heart.
Upon his Head there stands a Crown of Thorns,
Design'd for Torture, but he it adorns;

And

And since for us, the Earth was curs'd with these,
 He bears them as the Marks of our Disease.
 In the Floods of his blessed Tears, I see
 The Image of what's due to Sin and me :
 The Pencil here, like *Aaron's* Rod, doth smite
 Our rocky Hearts, and we weep with Delight :
 I fear these Tears the Painter here hath spread,
 Are far more real than the Tears we shed ;
 Since our Hearts break not at so great a Wonder,
 Which did the Rocks and Temple rend asunder.

[*The* VIRGIN MARY.]

A well cut Cristal, in a richer Case,
 Covers and Shews at once that Virgin's Face ;
 Who flies, yet gets from Mankind such Respect,
 That seems Idolatry, or else Neglect.

[*The* INFANT.]

THE Infant *JESUS*, looks so in her Arm,
 As if the Painter had him taken Warm
 Up from the Cradle ; Art so deludes the Eye,
 That Men expect still when to hear him Cry.

[MARY MAGDALEN.]

SAD *Magdalen* does here more Pity move
 Than formerly she did Delight or Love :
 She washes now, with constant Tears those Eyes,
 Which were unfortunate in Victories ;
 And in those Streams, she nobly makes expire
 Her roving Humour and her fatal Fire ;

In that blest'd Brine she doth her Soul preserve,
 Her Tears, as Pearls, for Ornament her serve :
 The Floor now with these lovely Looks is swept;
 In which, as Chains, her Gallants once she kept.
Calia from this, most wisely does observe,
 That whilst we God, our Fame we likewise serve ;
 For to this *Magdalen* half *Europe* bows,
 And, with Respect, make and perform their Vows ;
 Nor is their any can some Tears deny
 Seeing so many fall from her fair Eye.
 The Book of Life gives a more lasting Name,
 Than the much toil'd for Register of Fame.

[A HERMITAGE and LANDSKIP.]

A reverend Hermite under an aged Oak,
 Our Pity may, and Piety provoke :
 Besides his Tears, he nothing there can sow,
 Yet Herbs, for Food, do by that Wat'ring grow.
 The Rocks, as melting with Compassion, weep,
 In these cool Cellars he his Drink doth keep :
 No bruised Grape bleeds from his Cup ; no Knife
 Needs to preserve his, take anothers Life :
 No murder'd Beast does in his Bowels groan,
 As if it did its own Death there bemoan ;
 Nor in Revenge, Fever and Gouts do raise,
 Glad to assist each mutinous Disease :
 All his own Flesh in Sacrifice is spent,
 And when he Feasts, 'tis in our hardest Lent.
 He in the Bosome of a Grove does sit,
 Where neither Sun's, nor Envy's Rage can hit :

As

As Myſteries do Truth, ſo Groves do Light,
Not darken, but conceal from humane Sight :
Whence 'twas in Groves the *Pagans* did of old
Their ſacred Rites and Myſteries unfold.

Here, in a Soul vaſt like the ſtretcht out Spheres,
He rolls Thoughts greater than what *Atlas* bears :
Nothing that's leſs than God ſhares in his Wonder,
In whom the leaſt Thing he admires is Thunder.
And whiſt his Thoughts mount on ſeraphick Wings,
He ſees the World and Fame as little Things :
He courts not Sleep, with ſoft melodious Airs,
Nor in benumbing Wine needs drown his Cares,
The rich pil'd Graſs gives him a Velvet Bed,
And Trees afford him Curtains in their Shade.
What crowned Head reſts in ſuch bleſſed State,
Or ſo confines his Wiſhes to his Fate ?

[*A* DEATH's HEAD.]

NEXT to her Mirror, a Death's Head takes place,
That ſhews what this ; this what ſhall be her Face :
And ſure it needs great Faith to make her think,
The Face ſhe bears, to what ſhe ſees, can ſhrink :
And it may ſeem, that when fair *Celia* dies
She better may, but not more lovely riſe,

[CHARLES the FIRST.]

GREAT *Charles* ! God's nobleſt Image among Men,
Whoſe Life deſerves his own moſt matchleſs Pen :
His Life was the beſt Law a King could make,
Much Liberty he gave, but none did take.
God-like his Pow'r he uſ'd in doing Good,
Leſs careful of his own, than Subjects Blood :

No

No Blood less sacred could atone the Crimes
Of those rebellious and blasphemous Times,
Above all Martyrs in this magnified :
They for Religion ; but it with him dy'd.
This fixes that blest Race which long has stood ;
Great by its own, but greater by this Blood :
This for Reward a matchless Son did bring,
Heav'n's only govern'd by a better King ;
And such as cannot under him be free
To Knaves and Fools should slaves for ever be.
Fretted Religion sickens into Zeal
That holy Fever of the Common-Weal,
By this sweet Name false Men their Rage baptize,
And not to God, but *Molech* sacrifice,
Making their Enemies pass through a Fire,
They do their Offerings kindle by their Ire.

[SENECA.]

NEXT *Charles*, grave *Seneca* does choose his Place,
The greatest Preacher that e'er wanted Grace ;
Bearing these Looks, each whereof was a Law,
Which the rude World and *Nero* kept in Awe ;
Till he in's Lust himself and *Rome* did burn,
Leaving bare Walls to be that City's Urn.
Vertue's but Pedantry when we oppose
A Princes Will, these Counsellors are Foes :
Nor can a Tyrant learn at a cheap Rate,
Since his first Tutor is his adverse Fate.

[JULIUS CÆSAR.]

THERE we with Awe, see *Cæsar's* laurell'd Head,
Who all the World but one poor Trophy made ;
He

He gave the Law to all, to Kings a Name,
 And did force Virtue to submit to Fame :
 What e'er his Eyes did see, his Sword did gain,
 For he like Fate, did never wish in vain.
Rome under him, was ne'er so great nor low :
 For he did Chains and Crowns on it bestow :
 For each kill'd *Roman*, he to *Rome* did bring
 An enslav'd State, or an enthral'd King :
 But when by Vict'ries he was ripe to be
 Great *Pompey's* Victim, then he fell as he :
 And yet no Crime could *Cesar* bring so low,
 That he could fall, but by a Senate's Blow.
 Great Men can boast, that ev'n their adverse Fate
 Must ruin them, in solemn Pomp and State.

[POMPEY]

AN other Picture shews us *Pompey's* Head,
 Which that great Name allows not to be dead :
 Not Death it self could make this Face look Pale,
 It was the Gasping of the Common-Weal :
 Nor was it Pity sure, but *Cesar's* Fears
 Which on the Sight of it provok'd his Tears :
Pompey no Pity needs, *Cesar* cou'd see
 In these grim Looks, *Rome's* murder'd Liberty :
 But when he to the Gods was known above,
 They to revenge him did just *Brutus* move :
 Nor cou'd they put their Sword in juster Hands,
 For his Obedience hallow'd their Commands.

[CATO.]

NEXT him stands *Cato*, to whose sacred Breast
Rome's Freedom fled for Shelter when distressed:
 And least it should have fall'n in *Cesar's* Pow'r,
 He open'd in his own great Heart a Door
 For its Escape, that it to Heav'n might fly,
 And wait till *Cesar* should by *Brutus* dy.
 The World to his deep Judgment so did trust,
 That his sole Vote declared *Pompey* Just.
 Here he 'gainst Fate and *Cesar* did prevail,
 And still to *Cato* lay the last Appeal.

[MONTROSE.]

MONTROSE his Country's Glory and its Shame,
 Who equall'd *Cesar* in all Things save Fame:
 His Heart, tho' not his Country, was as Great
 As his, and he fell by a nobler Fate:
Montrose did fall his Country to redress,
 But *Cesar*, whilst he did Just *Rome* oppress.
 Duty on Valour stamps a just Renown,
 'Tis as great to support as wear a Crown.

[CLEOPATRA.]

HERE *Cleopatra* shews those conqu'ring Eyes,
 Which *Anthony* esteem'd a greater Prize
 Than *Rome's* Empire; this Passion did exceed
 All things, save those bright Eyes which did it feed:
 And yet in that brave Death whereby she fell,
 She show'd her Love her Beauty did excel:

Some *Cæsar* do for Slighting her admire ;
 But my Heart warms at *Anthonie's* kind Fire.
Cæsar at *Rome*, strove Fools and Knaves to please,
 And did buy Danger with the Loss of Ease :
 He Toils, and Trouble did from them endure,
 Who thought his Ruin was *Rome's* only Cure :
 Whilst *Anthony* a lovely Queen posselt,
 And his safe Head lean'd on her charming Breast :
 That Queen who sooner *Cæsar* overcame
 Than he cou'd *Rome* ; Love so far conquers Fame :
 The Gods did sure Revenge in *Cæsar's* Doom,
 His wronging her, and not his wronging *Rome* :
 For Blood once tainted with such horrid Stains,
 Deserv'd no Place in noble *Cæsar's* Veins.
 Love from Ambition well deserves the Prize,
 For gentle Love feeds on fair Ladies Eyes ;
 But vain Ambition's led by vulgar Breath,
 Which as it gives it Life, can give it Death :
 This fiercely burns the Soul, that gently warms ; -
 The one confounds our Thoughts, the other charms
 Crowns cannot Men make Happy nor Secure ;
 Kings may Affronts and Miseries endure ;
 But Love and She bless us at such a Rate,
 That when she Smiles, we scorn the Frowns of Fate,

[AURELIA.]

AURELIA here for Jealousy does dy,
 The Picture bleeds, and those who see it Cry,
 In Jealousy Love covetous does grow,
 And like swell'd Floods does wildly overflow :

It is a Love that's run out of its Wits,
A Love that's sick of Hypochond'rick Fits:
Unhappy Love! which its own Torments brings,
Affrighted still with the wrong Side of Things.

[VIRGIL.]

ALL the nine Sisters in deep Wonder stand,
Each with great *Virgil's* Poem in her Hand;
Whilst he with Modesty as great's his Wit,
Adoring them, upon his Knees does sit.
Virgil to none, but to himself Severe,
Might his own Thoughts, more than his Criticks fear:
Whose Judgment's sprightly, and whose Fancy's wise,
And as Wit ripens, so his Praises rise.

[LUCRETIA.]

THE Marble plying as the Artist pleas'd,
For fair *Lucretia* has a Statue rais'd:
He has inspir'd such Passion in the Stone,
That one that's Deaf would swear that it did groan;
It was such Stones, as those which first could draw
Men to Idolatry, and keep in Awe
Those ruder Mortals, who could not withstand
The winning Charms of a great Master's Hand:
From this she sends her noble Soul to crave
Revenge from Heav'n on him who strove to leave
Spots on her Honour, for when that is lost,
Women in vain, Birth, Wit or Beauty, boast.
Men the best Things, when common must despise;
Virtue's the Soul of Fame, and when it dies,

Fame like a loathsome Carcase doth remain ;
 Each new Rememb'rance will refresh the Stain.
 Thus she seems from her Body to remove,
 When spotted by that Lust that some call Love :
 The frighted Blood in streaming Sallies gush,
 And the defiled Corps does seem to blush.

[CINCINNATUS *return'd from his VICTORY to his PLEUGH.*]

HERE famous *Cincinnatus* holds his Pleugh,
 Whilst branchy Laurels shade his sweating Brow :
 He no Exchequer has, but these hard Toils,
 And Rome, not he's enrich'd by foreign Spoils.
 Great Men are Servants, when they Pay receive,
 And Beggars, when they Subsidies must crave :
 Rich Robs are but the Livery of the State,
 And Slav'ry is the Price of being Great :
 But *Cincinnatus* scorns the State should need
 To Tax themselves, him or his Lusts to feed ;
 The great *Deborah* might have been his Wife,
 Who judg'd, but liv'd not by her Peoples Strife.
 Greatness is seldom quit, and often crost ;
 There most Men think to Rest, but all are Lost.
 The falsest, yet the most provoking Cheat,
 Does first our Foes, and then our selves Defeat.

[GALILEO.]

HERE *Galileo* makes the Stars draw near,
 And at the End of his bright Tub appear :
 In whose just Microscope, such Things we see,
 As in blest *Indies*, or wild *Africk* be.

Thus

Thus we may travel easily at Home,
And see new Wonders in his Glasses Womb.

[LILLIE.]

LILLIE who has no Rival but his Glass,
Who stops our Youth and Beauty as they pass,
His Pencil does 'gainst Time and Fate secure,
Gives what we want, makes what we have endure.

[A STORM in LANDSKIP.]

A PAINTER here troubles the Ocean so,
That it doth foam with Rage, and angry grow :
Amidst those Dales and Hills, some Ships appear,
They were Ships stout and tall till they came here ;
But I and they do tremble at this Sight,
And Fear does rob, what Art gives for Delight :
This brings the Storm both to my Eye and Ear,
And on dry Land makes me a Shipwrack fear.

[A CHURCH in PERSPECTIVE.]

A real Church in Perspective we see,
I wish all Churches did as well agree
With the Original, and that Men too,
The true esteem'd, as we the painted do :
Long Walks of Pines out from the Cloath arise,
And rather seem to meet than cheat our Eyes :
O noble Art ! O most successful Care !
Which Churches builds, and plants Trees in the Air ;
He only, who made the great Glob to stand
On Air, in this could lead the Painter's Hand ;

That in all Arts, we might his Art admire,
And by our Wonder, to his Love aspire.

[*Her* CLOCK.]

A curious Clock doth on her Table stand,
Where Time murders it self with its own Hand ;
No Wonder then, it ruin us and ours,
Since it like Fire, it self like Prey devours ;
But Mens Revnge lies in Eternity,
Where we shall li e, and Time shall ever die.
Its open cristal Sides do let her see,
How various its Wheels and Motions be ;
And yet all these conspire in the same End,
And the same Hour, to shew their Courses bend ;
Which teaches her with Pleasure to admire
How all Mens Contrarieties conspire
To magnify that God, who does his Praise
From our Disorders and Confusions raise.
Some do from Vices to his Altars turn,
Whilst others these with furious Zeal do burn :
Some love his Worship, others it neglect,
None can pay all, tho' each owes all Respect ;
Some Treasures heap, whilst others do disperse
The Spoils of all the robbed Universe ,
Yet all by Force, or Love do jointly move
To manifest God's Greatness, or his Love.

HERE Amber lies shap'd in a thousand Forms,
And Corals bred (like Virtue) among Storms ;

Here

Here sporting Nature shews most curious Shells,
Which, tho' most glorious, are but the Cells,
Which it with Ease doth for poor Worms provide,
To check the Infidelity or Pride
Of such, as dare not upon it rely,
Or think by Art its Favours to envy.
Here Rocks of dazzling Diamonds appear,
And we may see Clusters of Rubies here.

[*Some of her BOOKS with a CHARACTER of the
AUTHORS.*]

BUT *Dryden's* Works did turn from them my Eyes,
Whose lofty Lines I do above them prize :
Cowley by him, whose Works are ever new,
Denham whose Lines are sweet, whose Sense is true ;
Waller the just, whose least corrected Line
The best may own, and I could wish it mine :
Here toiling *Johnson*, easy *Fletcher* ly,
And down into whose Mysteries few pry.

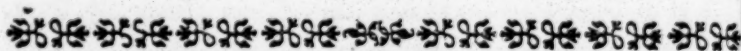
[*CÆLIA's own CHARACTER.*]

RELIGIOUS Books she does obey, not show,
And by her Life, we do their Value know.

THIS is her Closet, and its Rar'ties these,
Which though they ravish not, like her they please :
Her Soul pure like the Heav'ns, from whence it came,
Still scorns to kindle at a lower Flame ;
So great's her Virtue, that just Heav'n thought fit
T' adorn't with Beauty, and enrich't with Wit.

She

She got no Crown, because she none did need,
 Nor do her Slaves wish ever to be freed :
 Her Will does charm those whom her Eyes enslave,
 This justifies the Passion which these gave.
 Sure if great *Solomon* did live this Day,
 He would the *Sheban* Visit here repay,
 And justly wonder at her Beauty more,
 Than that great Queen his Wisdom did adore ;
 He had confin'd his thousand Loves in one,
 To place the Queen on an unrival'd Throne.



The Character of a Beau :

By a young Lady,

In a Letter to her intimate Friend.

THO' I refus'd to tell off Hand
 When *Betty* ask'd me, *What a Beau is ?*
 My Pen has answer'd your Demand ;
 But let not Cousin *Thomas* know this.

When I had Leisure t'other Day,
 I lock'd my self up in my Closet,
 And thought maturely what to say
 And in what Strain I should compose it.

At length I was resolv'd to try
The uncouth Character in Meeter,
Tho', when you read, you'll soon discry
I cou'd have wrote dull Prose much better.

These necessary Points premis'd,
(A good Beginning! Thanks t' *Apollo*,)
I dare say you'll be better pleas'd
With the Description that will follow.

A B E A U (if you'll believe my Muse)
Is an affected fopish Creature,
Tho' wondrous Spruce, the meer Refuse
Of common Sense, and Shame of Nature.

The Ends of Life he does not know,
And scarce the vulgar Arts of Breeding,
But first appears at ev'ry Show
With Airs and Cloaths his Sex exceeding.

His Study is to please the Fair,
Forgetting what wou'd best adorn him;
Himself our Slave he will declare,
Tho' all our Conduct tells we scorn him.

His high Ambition is to fit
Half Days amidst a Club of Ladies,
To be esteem'd by them a Wit,
And in their Eyes discover Babies.

He's fond of all that comes from *France*
And thinks 'tis Wit to be in Fashion:
He judges these who cannot Dance,
The very Dregs of the Creation.

In

In Merchants Books he deeply runs
For Hat and Sword, and Coat and Breeches ?
To see the Merchant's Face he shuns,
And, when he's crav'd, more Time beseeches.

Tho' soft his Brow and weak his Brain,
And Head as Light is as a Feather,
He loudly Laughs ; and than abstain
From talking, he'll speak Nonsense rather.

Tho' scarce a Note he really knows
Some modish Tune he's ever humming,
Invents new Modes, his Snuff-Box shows,
And gives it round with Grace becoming.

He's always reading Love-sick Verse,
which in whole Sheets fills up his Pocket,
And loves to hear himself rehearse
What ne'er cou'd please judicious Folk yet.

What's done by Tories or by Whigs,
Tho' ne'er so secret, he discovers ;
But most pretends to know th' Intrigues
Of guilty Rakes, and virtuous Lovers.

Thus I've described well or ill
His Character, as I conceive it :
If I have err'd for want of Skill,
To you, and better Hands I leave it.

C.

A

A Walk on *Glasgow* Green.

*What Reason can that Love controul,
Which more than one Way courts the Soul.*

WALLER.

CLARISSA first appears, that heav'nly Fair,
Her Look so languid, and so soft her Air!
Such dying Sweetness sure bespeaks a Mind,
For Mercy, not for Cruelty design'd.
Happy that Lover, in whose longing Arms,
The beauteous Maid resigns those melting Charms.

See pow'rful CHLOE bend her Steps this Way:
She conscious of her own unbounded Sway,
With Air majestick boldly moves along,
The Earth seems proud the Goddess treads upon!
Her force in vain we dare; thus at one Sight,
In dying Breath we own th' unequal Fight.
Chloe, your few remaining Lovers spare,
May-one at least survive t' enjoy the Fair!

There COELIA goes with such a graceful Mien,
As did of old the heav'nly Cyprian Queen,
Through which conceal'd Divinity was seen.

While LESBIA with her more than humane Voice,
Confounds the Lover in his doubtful Choise;
Clyde stays her Course so ravish'd with the sound,
With Pride return'd by echoing Hills around.

Then

Then *SAPHO* comes, whose Virtue adds a Grace
 To each sweet Beauty of the Angel's Face.
 How pure does *Sapho's* virgin Soul remain,
 Who deems a trifling Thought a guilty Stain.

Fam'd *SYLVIA* next, her Sense and Taste so fine,
 Such great Perfections speak the Fair divine !
 Her easy Air, and yet unblemish'd Name,
 Shine in the Records of immortal Fame.

See ! — matchless *SACHARISSA* next appear,
 The *SHE* possess'd of all that's good or dear !
 Say in what heav'nly Colours shall I paint,
 The outward Beauty, or the inward Saint ;
 Whose charming Air, and graceful Mien express,
 Her Person lovely, lovely to Excess !
 Such Charms not *Venus* self could ever boast,
 Or the fam'd *Helen* for whom *Troy* was lost.
 See *Chloe's* Power triumph in her Face,
 And soft *Clarissa* through each Feature trace :
Lesbia's sweet Voice, and *Calia's* charming Air,
 All this unite in one accomplish'd Fair !
 Ev'n *Sapho's* Virtues now no longer shine,
 And *Sylvia* now must cease to be divine ;
 Superior Goodness, and superior Charms,
 At once the lesser Deities disarms.

So in a Night the Air serene and clear,
 Each Planet glitters in its proper Sphere ;
 But soon as *Phabus* with his stronger Light
 Chases away th' opposing Clouds of Night ;

Grace These lesser Orbs then all obscured stand,
Resign their Power to his sole Command.

————— so absolute she seems

And in her self compleat —————

MILTON.

fine,
Hear,
Horace's Ode XI. Book II.

Imitated in a Letter to a Friend.

Enough, my Friend, — for 'tis in vain
That you explore the Schemes of Spain,
And, with too curious Mind enquire
What ploding Heads at Rome conspire.

A spacious Sea betwixt us lies —
Nor need we fear our Enemies,
If with our Lot content we were
And trusted Heav'n with Britain's Care.

For me, I'm easy and serene,
Because I keep the golden Mean,
And never on Politicks bent,
Concern my self with Government.

The wisest Course is not to prate
Since we can't mend Affairs of State.
The World by Rogues is always rul'd,
And willing Slaves are ridicul'd.

Why

36 *The Edinburgh Miscellany:*

Why shou'd we clog with useleſs Cares,
And lay a thouſand treach'rous Snares
For our own Life, which truſt me Friend,
But little needs, and ſoon will end?

Our Youth is gone, Occaſion flies,
Gray Hairs approach, and Pleaſure dies:
The waning Moon and fading Flow'rs
Bid us improve the Time that's ours.

A Bird in Hand is better far,
Than twenty flying in the Air.
Who wou'd forgo his preſent Crown
To ſeek *Utopian* Realms unknown?

What's future and unſeen is not
The proper Subject for our Thought.
'Tis Virtue's Work t' improve our Span,
And keep within the bounds of Man.

Kind Providence has giv'n us ſtore,
And, if we uſe it, will give more.
The precious Gift ſhou'd not be ſpent,
Nor up in muſty Priſons pent.

In Moderation let us taſte
Whate'er may yield our lives a Feaſt;
And, innocently brisk and gay,
In Silence paſs our Time away.

We'll ſtill maintain a cheerful Face,
Wit, Humour, and an eaſy Grace;

Like

Like Infants sport our selves asleep,
And let Death o'er our Pleasures creep.

Beneath some grateful shady Tree
Supinely laid, from Sorrow free,
Let's drink, whilst Garlands on our Head,
Supply the Waste that Age has made.

How smooth wou'd all our Minutes glide,
If prostrate by a River's Side,
Where Zephyr and Perfumes abound,
Our Joys were with a Mistress crown'd !

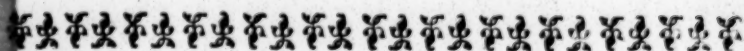
Till such a lucky Season come
From Time's indulgent teeming Womb,
Let's court Occasions fit to prove,
By hearty Bumpers, whom we love.

Ev'n whilst I write these Lines to you,
I show my Flame for *Chloe* true :
Her Health I drink with all my Soul,
Before *Tom Brown*, in a full Bowl.

Her Beauty, Humour, Sense and Wit,
Lay me devoutly at her Feet.
Nor is your *Myra*, brisk and gay
Forgot, when I my Homage pay.

Thus I, with others or alone,
Enjoy my Minutes ere they're gone,
Retrieve my Youth, dispel my Care,
And please the Muses and the Fair.

Reciprocal your Flames must prove,
Or my Ambition scorn to love:
A noble Soul doth still abhor
To strike, but where its Conqueror ?



An EPISTLE to a certain Person,
Occasion'd by his Pride upon sudden Advancement.
From the Italian of Fulvio Testi to Count Montecuccoli.

What means this Noise, thou poor inglorious Stream,
That from a Puddle but so lately came ?
Plash'd by the Beasts thou unregarded stood
Ere Rain, by Chance, made thee a muddy Flood.
What if the Skies should sudden turn serene
And send thee to thy wretched Source again ?
Why then such boasting of thy filthy Tide,
Since one fair Day can humble all thy Pride ?

Observe great Rivers, — how compos'd they are !
None makes such Clamour as your self by far.
Tho' deep and clear they gently glide away,
And pour their mighty Treasure in the Sea.
They scatter Blessings wheresoever they flow,
And seem well pleas'd with bounty they bestow.
No waste of Time exhausts their liquid Store,
The more they spend, their Streams increase the more.
Whilst thou, poor Brook, hast Being scarce some Hours :
The Summer's Sun thy babbling Drops devours.

The Flocks and Shepherds whom thou threat'nest now,
 Shall in their Turn insult thy Fountain too,
 When all thy borrow'd Waters shall be gone,
 And ev'n that Noise which thou can'st only call thine
 own.

I know, great Sir, you'll wonder why my Muse
 To Reason thus with a wretch'd Stream doth chuse.
 But thus we Bards sometimes subliemely write,
 And shrowd our Secrets from the Vulgars Sight:
 Important Truths, like Oracles, we teach,
 To which th' unthinking Multitudes ne'er reach,

Yet least you say, I really am ill bred,
 By such dark Numbers, to perplex your Head,
Phœbus, th' Inspirer of my sacred Lays,
 Removes the Shade by his refulgent Rays,
 And this, to help your Intellects, applies
 What else might be mysterious in your Eyes.

As swelling Streams to-morrow may subside,
 Short and uncertain is the Reign of Pride.
 Pomp that is founded upon Fortunes Boon,
 As quickly rais'd, may be destroyed soon.
 That slippery Goddess changes ev'ry Day:
 Blindly she gives, and blindly takes away.
 To quell weak Minds she has a thousand Arts;
 She smiles, she Fawns, she Nauseats and Parts;
 But never makes Impression on the Wise,
 Who equally her Smiles and Frowns despise.
 No foolish Joy and Pride dilates their Mind
 When she at random happens to be kind.

And

now, And when she calls her short-liv'd Boon again,
They give it back, nor murmur and complain.
No Happiness, no Misery they feel
thine From any Motion of her fickle Wheel.

The Pilot, who is studious to maintain
His Vessel safe upon a stormy Main,
Deserves no higher Credit, Pow'r and Praise
Than he who fears the flattery of the Seas,
And never trusts too much the fairest Gale,
O'er burdens not his Ship, and spreads but little Sail.
No Hero shines in the Records of Fame,
In my Esteem, more worthy of a Name
Than that great Man *Argathoeles*, whose Mind
The chiefest Charms of Fortune cou'd not blind:
For tho' his Table sparkled all with Gold,
And curious Works, delightful to behold,
Yet, in his pleasing prosperous Estate,
His humble Birth he never wou'd forget,
But, with his polish'd Goblets, mix'd the Trade,
The simple Plates of Clay which his old Father made.

Scarce had I done the Verses just before,
Ere th' upstart Stream had lavish'd all its Store:
The Clouds were scatter'd and the Sky serene,
The Sun shone bright, nor was there further Rain:
No Drop remain'd to swell the noisy Tide,
Dry'd was the Brook, and vanish'd was its Pride.
The weakest Cattle on the verdant Plain
Trod o'er the Sand, and spurn'd it with disdain.

Be wise then, Sir, and manage well your State,
 Least you should only be a short while Great.
 Courts are like Climates, open to the Air,
 And Riches, gaudy now, to morrow disappear.

O.



On Mr. *Addison's* Campaign.

WHAT wondrous Art, what Genius brightly shines
 Within the bounds of few elaborate Lines !
 So just each Image, with such Beauty wrought !
 So strong the Sense, so delicate the Thought !
 The narrow Piece with so much Action swells,
 Such Sweetness in each artful Labour dwells,
 Such lively Strokes upon the Fancy glow,
 So smooth, so plain the tow'ring Numbers flow :
 Heav'ns ! how my Heart is ravish'd as I read !
 'Tis not the Product of a single Head :
 Or, the great Author had his Bosome fir'd
 With Heat, that nothing less than Heav'n inspir'd

A whole Campaign th' immortal Lines rehearse,
 That might raise Volumes of less polish'd Verse.
 Surprising Scenes before the Reader rise :
 His Mind's amaz'd whilst Nature's in his Eyes.
 Successive Pleasures swell his ravish'd Breast
 As Wonders stand in Thoughts so well exprest.

He thought at first, and, as he thought, complain'd
The Book a Skirmish and no more contain'd :
Sweetly decciv'd, he stares, and stares again,
And owns he reads a whole well wrought Campaign.

O. The more my Mind surveys the glowing Charms,
The more with Wonder and Delight it warms.
The rich Epitome new Treasure shews,
When o'er and o'er my longing it renews.
Such Harmony at ev'ry Turn appears
As neither dulls, nor disappoints the Ears.
Thus when all Nature vernal Blooms array
We hate the Night, and wish eternal Day.
The various Beauties of the Fields ne'er cloy,
But, as we gaze, the more enhance our Joy.

Short Periods contract the dreadful War,
Which trembling Kingdoms found dilated far,
Join distant Regions, and unnumber'd States,
And deal to Armies their unequal Fates,
Make Legions fight, and valiant Thousands die,
Battallions stand, and vanquish'd Millions fly :
The glorious Events of the far fam'd Year
In their refulgent Splendour all appear,
In Light and Shade, thus the great Judgment stands,
Display'd in short by *Raphael's* artful Hands :
The World, alarm'd, in wild Confussion lies,
While scatter'd Mortals in Effigie rise ;
And on the Day, with Hopes and Terrour wait,
Till Heav'ns high King pronounce their different Fate.

Behold with rage the *British* Leader swells!
 In Smoke and Thunder yet serenely dwells:
 With awful Force the furious Battle rules,
 And, where he moves, the daring Foe controuls!
 Thus undisturbed, JOVE, (as Tales record)
 Thro' stormy Clouds with vengeful Thunder roar'd,
 His Eyes glanc'd dreadful from the darkned Sky;
 Here Lightnings flash'd, there Bolts destructive fly,
 While haughty Giants wag'd the guilty Fight,
 And Jar'd high Heav'n with their aspiring Might.

How many Heros, who for Glory ran,
 And reap'd the Harvest which their Bravery wan,
 In Sighs and Tears the Muse's haste regret,
 That taries not their Honours to relate,
 That they might to the latest Age remain,
 And shine with *Marlb'rough* in the grand Campaign!

Long may the mighty Poet wear the Bays,
 And bless BRITANNIA with his heav'nly Lays!
 But he no higher can advance his Fame,
 Since *Homer's* self is scarce a greater Name.
 The *Iliad* might be wrought with lesser Pain
 From ten Years War, than out of one Campaign.

B.



A

A P O E M

Upon the Young-Company of Archers.

By Mr. THO. BOYD.

—— *Subeunt Tegæa juventus.* VIRG.

ΑΝΔΡΑΣΙ ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟΙΣΙ. HOM.

WHEN *Pallas* from the lab'ring Brain of *Jove*
Jump'd out, in full Perfection, from above,
In shining Military Weeds array'd,
She cock't her Helmet, and her Spear display'd:
Expert in War, without the Rules of Art
And tedious Discipline, her Infant-heart
Beat bold and strong; nor did her Sinews yield,
Her brawny Arm sustain'd the pond'rous Shield,

This Praise is to the Heroine Goddess due:
Much, *Caledonian* Youth, we owe to you.

Scarce have your tortur'd Mothers found Respite
From Throws by Day and Agonies by Night;
Scarce the distorted Muscles yet replac'd,
Or dismal Groans, from rigid Child-bed, ceas'd,
But you turn Men, nay Warlike-Men, and, more,
Grow *Quiver'd-Heroes*, as in Days of Yore,
And make those Eyes admire that wept before.

With Emulation big, each *Heroe* stalks,
And counts each Peace to Glory, as he walks:

To

To gazing Friends he drops his unstrung Bow
 With warlike Grace and gallant Air, to show
 He bids to Ease and rusty Sloth, adieu.

So valient *Heſtor* flights his Consort's Charms,
 To follow Honour, or his Fate, in Arms.

When to the Lifts the graceful Squadron came,
 Their Bows, with dreadful Noiſe, the War proclaim.
 Th' extended Cord contracts the bending Yew,
 Till the far diſtant *Horns* their *Moon* renew.
 The long'd for Mark directs the eager Eye,
 And from the twanging Strings the Weapons fly.
 Envy or Love purſues each ſounding Dart
 Gaining a Rival's Spite, or Parent's Heart.
 The conqu'ring Arrow laſt cuts ſwiftly loud
 The yielding Air, and diſſipates the Crowd.

Now the young Troops home from the Field repair
 One has the Trophy, all of Praise a Share.
 The blooming *Victor* bears the Arrow's Prize,
 But leaves behind the Conqueſt of his Eyes;
 For tho, like *Mars*, he is for Battle dress'd,
 He's found a *Cupid* in a Virgin's Breast:
 And blind like him, for Multitudes were round,
 He pierc'd a Heart he did not mean to wound.

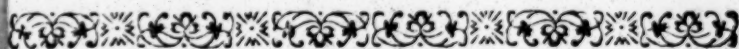
Thus, our Deſcent we may retrace from *Jove*
 By early Valour, and by Infant-Love.

Go on, brave Youth, and ſtill thoſe Shafts employ,
 The En'my's Terror, and the Lover's Joy.

From

From them the fading *Thistle* Help shall find,
They shall, in future Days, her Foes remind,
That tho her ancient *Thorns*, thro' Guilt, withdrew,
Your Darts shall Arm her terribly anew.

Then, when your Joints are firm, and Bodies sprung,
Enjoy those Captives that you made when young.



TO CHLORIS.

*Proving against her that little Things are best,
tho' not always most pleasing.*

YOU mind, dear *Chloris*, t' other Day
That Bus'ness call'd your Slave away,
Ere we had finish'd our Debate,
And so 'tis in Dependance yet.

I own it lucky was for me
That I did loose, that Day, my Tea:
For had I longer stay'd with you
My Cause had been quite lost ere now.
So sweet, so beautiful a Face,
So fine, so delicate a Grace,
Such ruby Lips, and pleasing Smiles,
Such killing Eyes, and winning Wiles,
Without the Help of solid Sense,
Might well have pled like Eloquence,
And won, without dispute, the Field;
For who wou'd not to *Venus* yield?

But

But here secure from Beauties Charms,
 And from your Tongues refin'd Alarms,
 In my own Closet, by my Pen,
 I hold my Principle again,
That little Things are best by far,
Tho, if they're lov'd by you, 'tis rare.

Yet trust me, *Chloris*, when I write
 (Altho' your Person's out of Sight)
 Your Wit and Judgment shooke my Muse,
 And almost tempt her to refuse
 The Assistance that she must allow,
 Ere I can hope to conquer you.

These Things premised, I now with speed,
 To prove my Principle proceed ;
 A Principle denied by no Man
 That has respect to a fine Woman !
 For is it not both true and clear,
 That when the Sexes we compare,
 A Cock no more exceeds a Hen
 Than Women lesser are than Men ?
 Now, *Chloris*, this first Argument
 Is powerful, as 'tis evident,
 And serves to prove the Point in Hand,
 Unless against your Sex you stand,
 By owning that as Men are greater,
 We also are by far the better.

But next, that little Things are best
(Assist me little God of Jest)
Is plain, because they most delight,
And please with Beauty exquisite.
Contemplate all the Works of Nature
And view the Shapes of ev'ry Creature :
Are not the smallest Things most fine,
Most perfect, lovely and divine ?
Exempli gratia, Are not Lambs,
More gay and pleasing than their Dames ?
An aged Swine is ne'er so Fair
As little Pigs her Off-spring, are.
Your Lap-Dog does he not excell,
In your Esteem, a Spaniel !
Small Insects please the curious Eye,
When Monsters pass, un-notic'd by.
A Work perform'd in narrow Bounds
Most to the Author's Fame redounds.
The smaller Clocks and Watches are,
They show the greater Art and Care.
Ev'n Boxes for our Snuff delight
The more they're for our Pockets fit ;
And for the same good Reason too ;
A Book's ne'er lov'd in Folio.
The smallest Copy you can get
Of *Rochester* is bulky yet.
Have I not heard your self complain,
It almost raised up the Spleen,)

That

That *Ovid's* English *Ars Amandi*

Is very, very much unhandy?

Thus I might offer many more

Examples, never heard before,

Were I not horribly afraid

It would be to my ruin said,

That, like a jolly Priest, I stretch

My Practice from the Truths I preach,

And show in Fact, by a long Letter,

I wou'd have pled on your Side better.

Yet ere I close, allow my Pen

To draw an Argument from Men.

The least of them, in every Age,

Have been most witty, learn'd, and sage;

The greatest Souls of high Renown,

Have lodg'd in Bodies — like my own,

The Apothecaries use to place

Fine Spirits in a little Glass.

Can Nature show a lesser Care?

Wou'd she ere put her Darling there,

If little Bodies were not best,

For such a glorious, God-like Guest?

Philosophers in ev'ry Nation,

May prove the Point by Demonstration,

But Knowledge and Experience tell

The Truth more plainly, and as well.

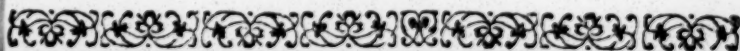
Great Men have been like *Apes* and *Gnats*;

From *Homer* down to *Pope* and *Watts*,

Compar'd with your dull, bulky Sinners,
That serve for nought, but eat their Dinners.
Wherever Greatness is deny'd,
The Person is with Worth supply'd,
As Beams contracted in a Glass
To Flames convert the larger Rays.

And now, dear *Chloris*, I'll conclude,
But first, I'd have it understood
That tho my Muse, victorious Sings
Th' Excellency of little Things,
Yet I ne'er meant they always please,
Else I shou'd win your Heart, with ease,
And my dull, bulky Rival *Dick*
Himself shou'd either hang, or stick.

L.



The jolly poor Poet.

In Imitation of COLIN's Complaint,

I.

BY the Side of a Nobleman's House,
A jolly poor Poet was laid :
Since he serv'd for no other Use,
To his Patron Verses he made,
The Footmen and Grooms that stood by
In Frolicks diverted their Time,
Whilst the Cook and Butler drew nigh,
And, laughing, repeated his Rhime.

II. Was

I I.

Was e'er such a lucky brave Fellow?
 In very good Humour he cry'd,
 Had I not been a Son of *Apollo*,
 As sure as the Creed I had dy'd.
 So sweet and enticing is Verse,
 I ventur'd my Living for it:
 But his Lordship, to whom I rehearse,
 Affords me good Meat for my Wit.

I I I.

Cou'd I e'er think a great Man, as he,
 Wou'd notice so silly a Swain?
 Why became he a Patron to me?
 But the Gods all Events ordain —
 Besides, his Lordship has need
 To be praised by Men of the Quill:
 And 'tis rare to find out such a Head,
 Obedient as mine to his Will.

I V.

Yea, altho better Bards were alive,
 To publish his Merits and Name,
 (As in *Britain* I'm sure are not five
 That deserve more Favour and Fame)
 Yet his Lordship, well knowing my Worth,
 Distinguish'd me out of the Crowd
 To shew his rare Qualities forth,
 And proclaim his praises aloud.

V. What

V.

What tho I were dull as an Ass,
And cou'd not write common good Sense,
Whilst I have a Brow made of Brafs
I'll never want true Eloquence.
But now, since his Wisdom is pleas'd
With my Talents, as I with his Meat,
My Brothers and Criticks confess'd,
Condemn not, I pray ye, my Fate.

VI.

Nay, rather, my Friends, be so civil
As to take the Course I have done :
Cheat, flatter, and lie, like the Devil,
Or I swear ye'll be cherish'd by none.
Get in to some Noblemen's Grace :
For who are more wealthy than they ?
To Money, to Meat, or a Place,
Dedications will open a Way.

VII.

For me, I'm resolv'd to be merry,
While my Patron has Beef to bestow,
And a Bottle of good Wine and Cherry,
Like these which he sent me just now.
Come, — here to his Health — and my own —
The Muses were seldom so sweet ;
I'll never aspire at a Throne,
If the Gods continue my Treat.

VIII. That

What

VIII.

When Death that cunning old Rogue,

Creeps over my Pleasures, for me,

That I was a poor jolly Dog,

May suffice for my Elegy.

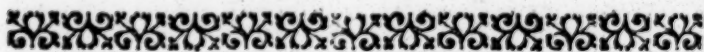
When my Soul to the Hades is fled,

Ye may kindle your Pipes with my Verse,

Make a Football in sport of my Head,

And a Drum, if ye please, of my Ar—e.

I.



A Trip to *Bar-le-duc*.

AS Poets in the Days of Yore
Us'd to mount *Pegasus*, and soar
To wond'rous Heights, with mighty Speed,
Humoring the Fancy of the Steed,
Coursing the Earth, the Air, the Skies,
And higest Heav'ns 'mong Deities.

So (tho' quite unaccustom'd) I
Must one Poetick Journey try :
And since, like other Bards, of Course
I must be mounted on a Horse,
I am resolv'd to ride * *Almanza*,
Loyal, and swift as any Ganza :

* *A Horse bred in Scotland, design'd for the Use of the Cavalier de St. George.*

Fit only for a Monarch's Use,
Each Vein swell'd with illustrious Juice,
'Twixt Old *castile*, and *Saxon* bred;
A finer Titt was ne'er bestrid.

Come then, sweet Nag, and let me take
This single Jaunt upon thy Back;
Nor Spur, nor Bridle shall I use,
To curb, or gall the free-flown Muse.

I.

33

Now I am fix'd, and on he goes
(By what Instinct, he's wise that knows)
As swift as Lightening he flies,
He's at *St. James's* in a Trice;
Stops but a Moment, disappointed,
Not finding there the L——s Anointed.
Streight way in Anger, mixt with Grief,
Sweeps down *Thames-Side* to find Relief;
And striking with his Heels at *Dover*,
At one fierce Bound he frees it over
To *Calais* Sands, (such was the Leap,
I hardly could the Saddle keep)
Nor stays he, having pass'd the Main,
Till we are safe at *St. Germain*:
And quickly he surveys the Court,
Where's Master's Friends wont to resort;
But seeing thence the Birds were flown,
He squeel'd for Rage, but streight was gone:
And finding that (the Pox and Murrain
Take *England*) he was still at *Lorrain*;

F

the Cl

D

He

He strains a-new his finewy Force,
 And thither wings his rapid Course :
 Where being come, some Time he stood,
 Till having *snock'd* the *Royal Blood*,
 He rear'd his Crest, and loud did neigh,
 And many a Curvet danc'd for Joy :
 (Who would have thought such Signs the Beast,
 Of lively Gladness cou'd exprest)
 Then bending low his *Loyal Knee*,
 Confest the *Royal Progeny*.
 And having thus his Homage paid,
 First tow'ring round the Monarch's Head,
 In chearful Volts, began to raise
 Me to the Sky in Royal Praise.

RISE lofty Muse, and in Heroic sing
 The wond'rous Youth that ought to be our King,
 That is our King ; for the supreme Command
 Is Heaven's Gift, and must unalter'd stand ;
 And he who do's reject a King when giv'n
 Resists Divine Decree, and combats Heav'n.
 As Mortals, tho' the Gods they disobey,
 Yet cannot rob them of their *Deity* ;
 So Subjects may withhold the Fealty due
 To their true Prince, and to a Stranger bow ;
 Yet that can not his juster Claim repeal,
 He's born a King, his Title ne'er can fail.
 Thus *James*, tho' abjur'd by each puny Elf,
 Is King of *Britain* still, *within himself* ;
 While they, poor Caitiffs, only Shift the Name
Subjects, for *Rebels*, he is still the same :

And all that's good in Sov'reignty do's find,
The *Right*, the *Title*, and the *Lofly Mind* :
While he the giddy People do create
Is but King *James* his Slave, his Drudge of State,
Who eases him of all the Care and Pain,
O may he ever unmolested reign !

Show first of all, from whence he sprung my Muse,
And, if you can, his Parentage produce.

As *Jupiter* descending in a Show'r
Of Gold, dropt *Perseus* in *Danae's* Tower ;
So those who hold Kings to be from above,
Know well that our's was streight from mighty *Jove* :
And still 'tis writ, in the Records of Fame,
In silver Vehicle of Fire he came ;
The bright Machine was by a Nymph convey'd,
And *Fitz-dieu* in the Royal Bed was laid :
The *Queen* (without a Throe her Labour done)
Do's thank the Gods, and bless her Heav'n-born Son.

Some say our King, by well laid *Bodkin* Plot,
B' another divine *Dada* was begot.
(When there's Design to get a King or God,
Gods, and Religion wond'rous Means will plod,)
Whether by him or not, the Matter's one,
All are agreed he was his *Father's Son* ;
And most believe that from a King he came,
Complete, as was the * Number of his Name.

D 2

And

And * *Seven is counted a perfect Number*

And if from Thee, Great *James*, the Youth did spring,
From Thee he does all his Perfections bring :
Such was the pious Sire's exalted Merit,
His genuin Son could never fail t' inherit
His Father's Fate, and his religious Spirit.

Begin my Muse, and from his Cradle trace,
Thro' his first Steps, the Royal Babe of Grace :
Behold him while he yet was on the Teat,
In pious Travels on his Father wait ;
Think then what *Britain* to the Child does owe,
So careful of its Peace and Treasure too :
His Subjects Lives to save, and quench the Fire
Of civil Rage, he kindly did retire.
To save the Publick Charge, he lives Abroad,
And learns each foreign Law, and foreign God.
There stays he, without National Expence,
Till he arrives at Vertue, Age, and Sense.
Of all the Time, there never past a Day
That did not fit him more for sov'reign Sway :
Virtue his Mind, his Body Exercise,
Adorn'd, and all he learn'd except their Vice,
He seem'd provided ev'ry Way to bring
To us our Merit from the Heav'nly King.
Thus furnish'd in all Points, and in his Prime,
His People now he minds, and thinks it Time,
On *Britain* to bestow the massy Store
He had laid up thro' Twenty Years before.

At last he moves, to free them from the Thrall
Of common Subjects, and to shew them all
The *King-craft*, and Religion of the *Gaul* :
To take upon him the Affairs of State,
And ease great *ANNA*, sunk beneath the Weight ;
For all the various Turns of Peace, or War,
And each important Exigence prepare,
As fits a King without his Subjects Care :
To Answer all the different Events,
Without the tedious Form of Parliaments :
To rule so like a Monarch, that his Sway
Should teach but this one Lesson, *To obey*.

But here, my Muse a lovely Scene displays ;
O ! may I sing it in becoming Lays !
Could I work up the Piece with Colours quaint,
And all the Glories of the Voyage paint,
I'd sing the Worthies who with him resort,
Not to direct his Reign, but grace his Court :
And next describe the Royal Fleet, each Sail
Swoln with the Bliss of a propitious Gale ;
Give him, ye Winds, save from the fatal Coast
Where, of his Race, so many have been lost.
Proud of the Mighty Trust, his Subject Sea
Should round his Bark in smiling Circles play.
Then on the Banks of his own native *Forth*,
And long the Coasts of *Albion's* frozen North,
I'd view the King surveying all the Land,
And show the Father of his Country stand

In kind Suspence, whether he should exert
 Some wholsome Rigour, and his Right assert;
 Mercy and Justice long should strive, at last
 Mercy from Justice shou'd the Thunder wrest:
 T' avert th' Effusion of the *British* Blood,
 Mercy and *James* command *all Sail to crowd*;
 Nor did he, tho' the Rebels him bely,
 To save his *Bacon*, but his *Subjects* fly,
 A glorious Conquest o'er himself he makes,
 And his high Mind, with Ease, Three Crowns forsakes,
 While other paultry Monarchs Hearts would break
 To lose a Game where so much was at Stake.
 To *Dunbirk* streight he cuts his liquid Way;
 Great *Lewis* welcomes him in Tears of Joy.
 And now he's safe, *O may he ne'er again*
Expose his sacred Person on the Main!
 By all the *Gallie* Court he is carefs'd,
 And in his Mother's fond Embraces blefs'd.

Yet but one Winter could he taste the Joy,
 A nobler Heat do's warm the Royal Boy;
 He hear'd the Trumper's Clangor from afar,
 And ratling Drum, with all the Din of War
 That Heroes do's with the brave Rage inspire,
 His youthful Blood boils with the noble Fire,
 The soft and lushious Court no more can please,
 His lofty Mind scorns the ignoble Ease;
 He fiercely long'd to reign the neighing Steed,
 And in hot Battle prove advent'rous Deed;

To exercise himself in hardy Arms,
And rush with glorious Speed to Wars Alarms;
To win fresh Lawrels in the dusty Field,
And there, at once, the Sword, and Scepter weild.

To *Mons*, with eager Steps, he hastes away,
And waits impatient the fatal Day :
At last the great Decisive Hour does come
When the Shril Trumpet's Voice, and rousing Drum,
And Cannon's Thunder give the Alarm, he quakes,

The greatness of his Soul his Body shakes :

Superior Courage glow'd within his Breast,
In all his Actions stood the King confest :
Fierce as a Storm, he plunges thro' the War,
Where throngest Death, and wild Destruction are.

Shield him St. George ! O let no impious Arm

Touch G—s Anointed, save thy Knight from Harm !

The Gallic Chiefs charm'd and amazed stood,
To see the Hero's Valour in the Wood ;

Where e'er he goes he scatters humane Fate,
And certain Death on every Look do's wait ;
For no Plebeian there his Sword did feel,
Nor Blood ignoble stain'd the Royal Steel ;

That, for the BRUNSWICK-Youth he kept prepar'd,
Whom Coward Fates in Clouds of Smoak did guard
Far from its deadly Reach at *Oudenard*.

All round him ly whole Squadrons of the Slain,
Before him fall the *German*, *Dutch*, and *Dane*.

Ye Gods forbid the Hurricane to last,
And interpose to stop the furious Waste ;

'Tis done, for streight the *British* Troops advance,
 To save th' Allies, and change the Fate of *France* ;
 The *British* Troops quench the stern Hero's Fire,
 He cannot see his Sons and keep his Ire ;
 But conquered still by a more generous Flame,
 Reluctant from the bloody Field he came.

At last admitting kindly thoughts of Grace,
 He by his *Sister's* Means gives *Europe* Peace ;
 And for rhe Ease of all the ambient States,
 In his great Goodness to *Lorain* retreats,
 Where calm, and undisturbed, he might find
 The tranquil Blessings of a Peaceful Mind.

There may the circling Hours around his Head
 Divine like Ease, and sweetest Influence shed.
 Let each Return of the revolving Day
 Crown him with fresh Delights, and see him gay ;
 While *Bacchus*, *Morpheus*, and fair *Venus* join
 To bless his Nights with Sleep, and Love, and Wine.
 May no new Hopes, or Fears his Peace molest,
 But he may ever there securely rest.
While these deserted Isles in ev'ry Thing,
Find Curses like the Loss of such a King ;
And their lov'd Liberty and Property afford
No greater Blessings than their present Lord.



Horace's

Horace's Ode IX. Book III.

Imitated to the Tune of Colin's Complaint.

By Mr. JAMES ARBUCKLE.

O Ne Evening the loveliest Pair
That ever frequented the Plain,
Bright *Lydia*, th' all-conquering Fair,
And *Damon*, the beautiful Swain,
Sat down in a Jessamin Grove,
Where a murmuring Rivolet stray'd,
When *Damon*, to kindle old Love,
Thus softly reproached the Maid.

D A M O N.

O *Lydia*, Whilst I was that He
That only was blest with your Charms,
And you ne'er a Shepherd but me
Clasp'd in that soft Circle, your Arms;
Then thy *Damon* all cheerful did sing,
And his Happiness yielding to none,
Despis'd all the Pomp of a King,
And slighted a glitt'ring Throne.

L T D I A.

False *Damon*, the Virgin reply'd,
Whilst you true and constant did prove,
Consuming whole Days by my Side
In sighing and talking of Love.

Whilst

58 *The Edinburgh Miscellany :*

Whilst *Phyllis*'s Beauty did yield
 To mine in your delicate Eye ;
 Then I was the Pride of the Field ;
 No Queen was so happy as I.

D A M O N.

Ah ! name not that beautiful Dame,
 She hath perfectly ravish'd my Heart,
 Her Charms set me all in a Flame,
 Which she fans with her Musical Art.
 For one Touch of that pow'rful Breath,
 Wounds a Heart, as it pierces an Ear ;
 For her I wou'd freely meet Death,
 Wou'd the Pow'rs my Godefs but spare.

L T D I A.

Alexis the bloomingest Youth,
 That treads on the flowery Plains,
 With innocent Arts and pure Faith
 My Heart not unwilling detains.
 Still burning with mutual Desire,
 Unbroken Delights we enjoy,
 Far oftner than once I'd expire
 To save the adoreable Boy.

D A M O N.

But now if my Heart shou'd return
 To the Duty it owes thee again,
 Leave *Phyllis* to sorrow and mourn,
 A Conquest she could not maintain :

If humbly thy Pardon he'll crave,
And sigh when he thinks on the Time
He slighted thy Love, wilt thou Leave
Thy *Damon* to die for his Crime?

L T D I A.

Ah no! tho' *Alexis* the Fair,
His Charms, like a Planet displays,
And thou art inconstant as Air
And wrathful as bellowing Seas;
Yet with thee a long Series of Years,
Like a Minute of Joy I'd consume,
And, at Death not lament thee with Tears,
But lay my self down in thy Tomb.

This said, she lay down in his Arms,
And all in an Extacy lay;
Then surrender'd a Treasure of Charms,
While she blush'd like the Goddess of May.
The Birds from the Branches above
Beheld, and pursu'd the like Bless,
With Melody fill'd the whole Grove,
And chatt'ring at ev'ry Kiss.



Horace's

Horace's Ode XXII. Book I.

By the same Hand.

THE Man, that no Indulgence gives
 To Vice, but up to Nature lives,
 Safe in his happy Innocence,
 Nought else requires for his Defence,
 No Bow, no Quiver needs he wear,
 Envenom'd Dart, nor painted Spear.

Thro' barren Wastes, and barb'rous Lands,
 The *Scythian* Snows, and *Lybian* Sands,
 Where *Ganges*, where *Hydaspes* flows,
 Undaunted and serene he goes,
 With none of all those Fears possess'd
 That crowd into the guilty Breast.

For late, as in the *Sabine Grove*,
 Releas'd from every Care but Love,
 Thoughtless, I saunter'd on my Way,
 Till in the Wilds I went astray,
 A grisly Wolf, with hungry Eye,
 Met me unarm'd, and yet pass'd by.

No Creature of more dreadful Size,
 Where *Daunio's* ample Forrests rise,
 Lurks in the dreary Shade by Day,
 Or sallies out at Night for Prey.
 None such so wild and fierce as he
 Did e'er *Numidian* Desarts see.

Place me in that abandon'd Soil
Where Nature ne'er vouchsaf'd a Smile,
No vernal Breezes fan the Air,
But all is naked, wild and bare ;
And sable Clouds, and chilling Frost
Sit brooding on the gloomy Coast.

Or, place me in the pathless Plain,
Whence Heaven withholds its softning Rain ;
Beneath, where in his Chariot wheel'd,
The fervid Sun burns up the Field :
Yet still I'll Love, and Fate beguile,
Preserv'd alive by *chloe's* Smile.



A Song by a young Lady.

I.

O tempt me not with flatt'ring Snares,
Ye Swains, to prostitute my Charms :
Nor think to catch me unawares,
Or fright me to your open Arms.

II.

Our simple Sex is oft undone
By your Intrigues and sly Deceit :
And those who easiest have been won,
Are most expos'd to Scorn and Hate.

III The

III.

The more a Jewel is conceal'd,
 The more it uses to be priz'd ;
 But when to vulgar Eyes reveal'd,
 It grows too cheap, and is despis'd.

IV.

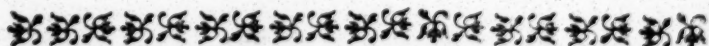
No Pleasure is by far so sweet
 As that which follows mighty Pain :
 To Trav'lers tir'd, a happy Seat
 Recruits their wearied Strength again.

V.

My Love will yield the more Delight,
 And I the more admir'd will be,
 That Honour now is guarded Right,
 And Men are proud to bow their Knee.

VI

Had *Danat*, Coquettish, been
 Expos'd to common Lover's Pow'r,
 Great *JOVE*, on wanton Projects keen,
 Had ne'er descended in a Show'r.



These Seven following by Montrose.

MY dear and only Love, I pray
 This noble World of thee,
 Be govern'd by no other Sway
 But purest Monarchie.

For if Confusion have a part,
Which vertuous Souls abhore,
And hold a Synod in thy Heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like *Alexander* I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My Thoughts shall ever more disdain
A Rival on my Throne.
He either fears his Fate too much,
Or his Deserts are small,
That puts it not unto the Touch,
To win or lose it all.

But I must rule and Govern still,
And always give the Law,
And have each Subject at my Will,
And all to stand in Awe.
But 'gainst my Battery, if I find
Thou shun'st the Prize so sore,
As that thou set'st me up a Blind,
I'll never love the more.

Or in the Empire of thy Heart,
Where I should solely be,
Another do pretend a part,
And dares to vie with me ;
Or if Committees thou erect,
And goest on such a Score,
I'll sing and laugh at thy Neglect,
And never love the more.

But if thou wilt be constant then,
 And faithful of thy Word,
 I'll make thee glorious by my Pen,
 And famous by my Sword.
 I'll serve thee in such noble Ways,
 Was never heard before :
 I'll crown and deck thee all with Bays,
 And love thee evermore

The Second Part.

MY dear and only Love take heed,
 Lest thou thy self expose,
 And let all longing Lovers feed
 Upon such Looks as those.
 A Marble Wall then build about,
 Beset without a Door ;
 But if thou let thy Heart fly out,
 I'll never love thee more.

Let not their Oaths, like Volleys shot,
 Make any Breach at all ;
 Nor smoothness of their Language plot
 Which Way to scale the Wall ;
 Nor Balls of Wild-fire Love consume
 The Shrine which I adore :
 For if such Smoak about thee fume,
 I'll never love thee more.

I think thy Virtues be too strong
 To suffer by Surprise : .
 Which victual'd by my Love so long,
 The Siege at length must rise,

And leave thee ruled in that Health

And State thou was before :

But if thou turn a common-Wealth,

I'll never love thee more.

But if by Fraud, or by Consent,

Thy Heart to Ruin come,

I'll sound no Trumpet as I wont,

Nor march by Tuck of Drum :

But hold my Arms, like Ensigns, up

Thy Falshood to deplore,

And bitterly will sigh and weep,

And never love thee more.

I'll do with thee as *Nero* did,

When *Rome* was set on fire ;

Not only all Relief forbid,

But to a Hill retire ;

And scorn to shed a Tear to see

Thy Spirit grown so poor :

But smiling, sing until I die,

I'll never love thee more.

Yet for the Love I bare thee once,

Lest that thy Name should die,

A Monument of Marble-stone

The Truth shall testifie ;

That every Pilgrim passing by,

May pity and deplore

My Case, and read the Reason why

I can love thee no more.

The golden Laws of Love shall be
Upon this Pillar hung,
A simple Heart, a single Eye,
A true and constant Tongue.
Let no Man for more Love pretend
Than he has Hearts in store :
True Love begun shall never end ;
Love one and love no more.

Then shall thy Heart be set by mine,
But in far different Case :
For mine was true, so was not thine,
But lookt like *Janus* Face.
For as the Waves with every Wind,
So fails thou every Shore,
And leaves my constant Heart behind,
How can I love thee more ?

The misty Mountains, smoaking Lakes,
The Rocks resounding Echo ;
The whistling Wind that Murmur makes,
Shall with me sing Hey ho.
The tossing Seas, the tumbling Boats,
Tears dropping from each Shore,
Shall tune with me their Turtle Notes,
I'll never love thee more.

As doth the Turtle chaste and true
Her Fellow's Death regret,
And daily mourns for his Adieu,
And ne'er renews her Mate ;

So though thy Faith was never fast,
Which grieves me wond'rous sore,
Yet I shall live in Love so chaste,
That I shall love no more.

And when all Gallants rides about
These Monuments to view,
Whereon is written in and out,
Thou traitcrous and untrue;
Then in a Passion they shall pause,
And thus say, sighing sore,
Alas! he had too just a Cause
Never to love thee more.

And when that tracing Goddess Fame
From East to West shall flee,
She shall record it to thy Shame,
How thou hast loved me;
And how in Odds our Love was such,
As few has been before;
Thou loved too many, and I too much,
That I can love no more.

II.

There's nothing in the World can prove
So true and real Pleasure,
As perfect Sympathy in Love,
Which is a real Treasure.

The purest Strain of perfect Love
In Vertue's Dye and Season,
Is that whose Influence doth move,
And doth convince our Reason.

Designs attend, Desires give place,
Hopes had no more availeth ;
The Cause remov'd the Effect doth cease,
Flames not maintain'd soon faileth.

The Conquest then of richest Hearts,
We'll lodg'd and trim'd by Nature,
Is that which true Content imparts,
Where Worth is join'd with Feature.

Fill'd with sweet Hope then must I still
Love what's to be admired ;
When frowning Aspects cross the Will,
Desires are more endeared.

Unhappy then unhappy I,
To joy in tragick Pleasure,
And in so dear and desperate Way
T'abound yet have no Treasure.

Yet will I not of Fate despair,
Time oft in End relieveth,
But hopes my Star will change her Air,
And joy where now she grieveth.

III.

U Nhappy is the Man
In whose Breast is confin'd
The Sorrows and Distresses all
Of an afflicted Mind.
The Extremity is great,
He dies if he conceal,
The World's so void of secret Friends,
Betray'd if he reveal.
Then break afflicted Hearts,
And live not in these Days,
When all prove Merchants of their Faith,
None trusts what other says.
For when the Sun doth shine,
Then Shadows do appear ;
But when the Sun doth hide his Face,
They, with the Sun retire.
Some Friends as Shadows are,
And Fortune as the Sun ;
They never proffer any Help
Till Fortune first begin.
But if in any Case
Fortune shall first decay,
Then they as Shadows of the Sun
With Fortune run away.

IV.

Burst out my Soul in Main of Tears,
And thou my Heart Sighs Tempest move,
My Tongue let never Plaints forbear,
But murmur still my crossed Love ;
Combine together all in one,
And thunder forth my tragick Moan.

But, tush, poor Drop, cut Breath, broke Air,
Can you my Passions express ?
No : rather but augment my Care,
In making them appear the less.
Seeing but from small Woes Words do come,
And great ones they sing always dumb.

My swelling Grievs then bend your self
This fatal Breast of mine to fill,
The Center where all Sorrows dwell,
The Limbeck where all Grievs distil,
That silent thus in Plaints I may
Consume and melt my self away.

Yet that I may contented die,
I only wish, before my Death,
Transparent that my Breast may be,
E'er that I do expire my Breath ;
Since Sighs, Tears, Plaints, express no Smart,
It might be seen into my Heart.

V.

CAN little Beasts with Lions roar,
And little Birds with Eagles soar ;

Can shallow Streams command the Seas,
And little Aunts the humming Bees ?

No, no, no, no, it is not meet,
The Head should stoop unto the Feet.

VI.

EPITAPH on King CHARLES I.

Great, Good and Just, could I but rate
My Grief to Thy too rigid Fate !

I'd weep the World in such a Strain,
As it would once deluge again :

But since Thy loud-tongu'd Blood demands Supplies,
More from *Biares* Hands, than *Argus* Eyes,

I'll tune Thy Elegies to Trumpet-sounds,

And write Thy Epitaph in Blood and Wounds !

VII.

On Himself, upon hearing what was his Sentence.

LET them bestow on ev'ry Airth a Limb ;
Open all my Veins, that I may swim

To thee my Saviour, in that Crimson Lake ;

Then place my purboil'd Head upon a Stake ;

Scatter

Scatter my Ashes, throw them in the Air :
 Lord (since Thou know'st where all these Atoms are)
 I'm hopeful, once Thou'lt recollect my Dust,
 And confident Thou'lt raise me with the Just.



LUCIFER'S SPEECH,
 Out of the Eight Book of *Tasso's Jerusalem*.
 In Imitation of *Milton's* Stile.

BUT whilst the Christian Army labour'd hard,
 With utmost Force, to gain their glorious End
 Man's pow'rful Foe, to work Destruction skill'd,
 Mus'd horrible upon their blest Attempts.
 His baleful Eyes with burning Envy rowl'd,
 While Groans and Murmurs spoke his inward Pain.
 As savage Bulls, by Grief enrag'd, in Fury
 Range ev'ry Field ; and hoarse with mighty Roar,
 In hollow Thunder bellow forth their Spirits :
 So he, with hellish Vengeance flush'd, contrives
 Fit Means to baffle what they undertake.
 Fool ! to imagine he could bring to nought
 The Schemes and Methods influenc'd by Heav'n ;
 And by his Malice, rouse the thund'ring Arm
 That, uncontroll'd, from the *Ethereal* Sky
 Hurl'd him, and his Collegiate Fiends before,

With hideous Ruin, headlong to the Lake.
Yet now, unmindful of that ancient Fall,
Again he summons the infernal States.
Thro' all the dark unfathomable Pit
The frightful Trumpet sounds. The horrid Caves
Regions of Sorrow, tremble at the Noise:
Whilst all the Air, with Melancholly press'd,
Murmur'd the hollow, hideous Strain around.
Not half so dreadful roar the noisy Thunders
From clashing Clouds: Nor Vapours, long imprison'd
In subteranean Caves, burst forth more fearful.
The gloomy Rulers of the vast Abyss
In Troops assemble, with unnumber'd Forms.
Each Shape was monstrous, dreadful to behold.
Some, crown'd with snaky Tresses, rear'd their Heads;
Some beat the Ground with Hoofs of Horse and Cattle:
Others with humane Countenance appear'd,
But join'd to winding Serpents all below.
Base Harpeys there to the Convention throng'd.
Centaurs and *Sphinx's*, with a Myriad more
Of ghostly Forms to be rehears'd by none,
With wild Confusion crowd the spacious Hall.
Great Lucifer, on the infernal Throne,
With rusty Scepter govern'd all the Crew.
The *Alpine* Hill, or th' *Atalantick* Mount
That tire the Sight, and lift the Eyes to Heav'n,
Scarce seem more bulky midst inferior Rocks,
Than he with Shape prodigious, sits exalted

Amidst

Amidst the huge Inhabitants of Hell.
 Stern Majesty his Countenance o'erspreads,
 Which Terror, Pride, and inward Envy swell.
 His flaming Eyes, like dreadful Comets, glare.
 A horrid Beard curl'd o'er his mighty Breast ;
 And like a noisome Gulph his Mouth appear'd
 Whence Sulpure, Flames, and Floods of Poison rose.
 He spoke like Thunder which astonish'd Hell,
 And order'd Silence thro' the gloomy Bands.
 Huge *Cerberus* was mute, *Cocytus* stop'd,
 The Snakes were hush, and all with Rev'rence heard
 His dreadful Words, that thus express'd his Mind.

Princes of Hell, and my Colligate Pow'rs
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to Arms,
Woen for your Rights, the splendid Thrones of Heav'n,
With me ye fought, and were inglorious, hurl'd
To this dark, filthy, and opprobrious Scene.
Together here in everlasting Night
We're doom'd to dwell, despairing to regain
Our Native Clime ; whilst the Almighty rules
Alone, secure, and undisturb'd above,
Where we with the confirm'd congenial Minds
Once shar'd the Bliss of unclouded Day.
Vast is our Woe, which yet I wou'd contemn,
If one curst Thought did not corrode my Soul.
I cou'd for ever forfeit Joys in Heav'n,
And part with all the Pleasure I e'er felt :
But Torment, Anguish, and Disdain possess

The whole of me, when I survey my Seat
Fill'd with Mankind: A poor, degenerate Race!
To see vile Dust exalted to our Thrones,
And Worms made Kings. And what distracts me more,
As if our dreadful Enemy esteem'd
All he had done too small for mortal Man,
His darling Son to Death he gave to free
The ruin'd Rebels from deserved Wrath
And pay the Debt contracted by their Fall.
Yet now victorious o'er the King of Terrors,
In State he enters my infernal Realm,
And spreads his shining Banners with Disdain.
Whole Troops of Souls, whom we had Captive led,
He bears Triumphant from our gloomy Prison.
And, what doth aggravate my mighty Woe,
He carries on the ancient War, and seeks
To pour new Vengeance on our damned Heads.
Whilst we ignobly here our Time consume,
All Asia yields to his prevailing Arms,
And false Judca owns his pow'rful Sway.
Hosanna's echo to His mighty Name,
And ev'ry Language sings his martial Deeds.
E'en the wide World conveys his Glory round
Inscribes his Fame, and humble Rev'rence pays,
Our Shrines and Temples now neglected stand:
No Sacrifices and Perfumes are brought:
No Lambent Fires upon our Altars blaze,
And none before us, prostrate seek for Aid.

Eva

Ev'n Hell grows thin, the Roads less frequent seem.
 And humane Souls supply the vacant Thrones
 Of Heav'nly Space.—And can we be secure ?
 Do no Remains of ancient Fire possess
 Your Spirits ? Have ye then forgot the Pow'r
 By which we bravely shook the Eternal's Seat
 And almost made Omnipotence to yield ?
 Be rous'd, my curst Associates, and exert
 Th' immortal Vigour of your godlike Minds.
 Your Strength and your Ambition are no less
 Than when the Plains of Heav'n beneath you reel'd.
 Why then in Mischief are ye grown so dull ?
 Shall prosperous Christians make the World their own
 Whilst we ly passive in the Shades of Night ?
 Haste, and with all your Hellish Rage, assail
 The mighty Foes : Use all ingenious Arts
 And open Force to conquer whom we fear.
 Let some in Councils sow Dissentions wide,
 Form Parties to confound their own Designs,
 Make jealousies, and discontent to reign
 In every Heart ; Temptations wisely suit,
 And still inflame the Passions they indulge :
 Whilst others, boldly, treach'rous Minds inspire
 To curse the Cause in which they are embark'd,
 Desert their Colours, and engage their Pow'r
 And Interest to the Ruin of the Army
 That fights the Battles of our vengeful Foe.



A N

E P I S T L E

From a LADY in *Edinburgh*, to her
LOVER on his Travels abroad.

A FRAGMENT.

T H O' I consented first, and still approve,
That you, my Friend and promis'd Lord, should
(rove

In foreign Climes t' accomplish well your Mind,

By studying Nature, Breeding, and Mankind :

Yet such my Temper, such my Weakness is,

I blame the Absence that suspends my Bliss.

Reason and Interest offer small Defence,

When Love and Humour make a fond Pretence.

Your Profit, which (if any Thing had weight)

Wou'd most prevail t' endear my present State,

Seems insufficient to divert the Pain

I'm doom'd to suffer till you come again.

Each Minute seems an Hour of dull Delay,

Nor are you less than cruel while you stay.

Just like a Turtle for her Mate, I mourn,

And make ten thousand Vows for your Return.

Companions cannot yield me kind Relief

And Looks inflame, not moderate, my Grief.

Edina, late my Wonder and Delight,

Appears a Desert shaded o'er with Night.

Since

Since you, the Sun that round a Lustre spread,
 Have left our Town, its Pleasures all are fled.
 To me at least, who can't your Absence bear
 Our gilded Tow'rs, like gloomy Tombs, appear :
 And dull as Sermons, in a Rake's Esteem,
 Gay Balls and Conforts, once my Pleasure, seem.
 No Sweets, no Odours now the Garden yields :
 I see no Beauty in the smiling Fields.
 All Things are nauseous to my wyward Mind,
 Whilst I but fancy you are turn'd unkind.
 I droop, I languish when I think how great
 The Distance is betwixt us plac'd by Fate.
 Oft o'er the Seas I cast my weary Eyes,
 And look the Maps to find where *Naples* lies :
 And when I read or hear what Beauties Grace,
 And entertain you in that pleasing Place,
 Jealous that you at last unconstant prove,
 I seem distracted in the Maze of Love.
 Like my own Ghost, with mourning, I'm become :
 Lost are my Charms, and vanish'd is my Bloom.
 Devouring Love hath left me nothing now
 Except my Zeal and Constancy to you.
 Yet sooner shall the blazing Flames descend
 Than *Sylvia's* Faith to *Strepson* knew an End.



PROLOGUE to CATO,

Spoke in GLASGOW. May 28th 1719.

O UR Task to Night, ye Sons of *Glotta*, know,
Is Vertue glorious in Distress to show.
No common Woe to View our Author brings,
Nor moves the Passions by their obvious Springs.
'Tis *Cato*, awful in his Fall he draws,
The last Supporter of his Country's Cause:
Resolv'd to perish with the *Roman* State,
And trust the Gods with his hereafter Fate;
Scorning the Favours of a publick Foe,
Or ev'n the Life a Tyrant could bestow.
His godlike Image here is brought to View
To rouse your Minds, not soften and subdue;
To warn the *British* Youth from Age to Age
With love of Freedom, and their native Rage.
Each Word the Hero speaks, directs what you
In such Conjunctions ought to say and do.
He guides the Judgment, while the Breast he Warms;
At once convinces, animates and charms.
Who hears him thunder in his Country's Cause,
And feels not in himself what *Cato* was?
Who hears him his revolting Troops upbraid,
But shrinks with Horror at their Crimes display'd?
The bloody Corse of *Marcus* when he views,
A Death so glorious who'd not gladly choose?
Or when he counts the Wounds his Boy had gain'd,
Who sheds not all the Tears himself restrain'd?

Who

Who can his last and dying Struggle see,
 The dreadful Case to be, or not to be,
 But marks his Steps, and soars with him on high,
 Till swallow'd up in vast Eternity?

Britons, attend; in *Cato's* Suff'rings share:
 To weep is Weakness; but 'tis Virtue here.
 Yet weep not so as to suppress the Joy
 Should ev'ry *Briton's* Thoughts to Night employ.
 Long in the Book of Fate, th' auspicious Sun
 That rose this unhappy Morn illustrious shone,
 Reserv'd Heav'n's last and noblest Gift to bring,
 His Country's Father, and His Peoples King;
 Whose Birth this Prefage of His Glory bore,
 The following Sun did Monarchy restore,
 As if so long delay'd by prudent Fate,
 Till one should rise to fix the *British* State,
 The glorious Ends of Government fulfil,
 Protect the Vertuous, and restrain the Ill;
 Make Freedom flourish, Slav'ry be no more,
 And put a Period to oppressive Pow'r.

Such, *Britons*, is our Prince; and happy we,
 Who *Cato's* Vertues join'd with *Cesar's* see.
 Safe in this great Alliance, we disdain
 A perjur'd Faction, and the Pow'r of *Spain*.
 To be to Freedom, and your Country true,
 Is all, ye *Britons*, that remains for you.
 For this we *Cato* represent—to charm
 Your Souls, and keep your native Ardor warm;

To rouse your Passions in the generous Cause
Of sacred Rights, and Liberty and Laws.
If Verse can charm, or Vertue can endear,
Where can they better try their Pow'r than here,
Among an Audience of the *British* Youth,
Reading Life's honest Arts, and Rules of Truth?
To you we speak; to you these Strains belong,
Who know what Vertue is, and Right, and Wrong.
Oh! may they fire your Souls, as well as please,
And all that's *British* in your Bosoms raise;
That when our Foes our Country shall invade,
In *Cato's* glorious Footsteps all may tread
From *Thames*, and *Severn* to the rugged *North*,
And *Glotta* send successive *Forfar's* forth;
But better Fate attend such early Worth.

~
~
A.



EPILOGUE to CATO,

Spoke in GLASGOW, May 28th 1719.

HERE wholly freed from Censures of the Pit,
The Statesmens Spleen, and Criticks sullen Wit;
Ladies, if you are pleas'd, 'tis all we ask;
Richly your Approbation crowns our Task.
As your Diversion was our chief Intent,
If this is gain'd, we think our Time well spent.
From every Corner *Britain's* Sons repair;
Impatient for their Doom from *Glasgow's* Fair,

F.

From

From *Glasgow's* Fair, whose Empire all must own,
 As well the foreign Youth, as Natives born.
 Conquests to distant Places you extend ;
 They find no Stop, nor know they any End.
 We call up all that's *Briton* in our Soul ;
 But ah the Tyrant Love mocks all Control !
 Must then your Sights still aggravate our Grief ?
 Say, charming Fair, if we may hope Relief ?
Lucia the Struggles of the Passion prov'd,
 And ev'n the vertuous *Marcia* own'd she lov'd.
 Nor did they triumph in a single Life ;
 Each vows at Leisure to be made a Wife.
 Ladies, you have not their Excuse to plead ;
 We have no conquering pow'rful Foe to dread.
 Our *GEORGE* holds *Europe's* Balance in his Hand,
 Studying the Glory of his happy Land.
 Abroad glad Monarchs his wise Schemes approve ;
 Each claims a Share in his extensive Love.
 Mean while we Subjects of his generous Care
 Th' uncommon Blessings of his Reign thus share ;
 Scorning to bow to any—but the Fair.



EPILOGUE intended for *CATO*.

NOW we may speak, since rugged *Cato's* gone,
 A Woman may have Leave to tell her own.
Lucy, and *Marky*, poor Girls ! were so confin'd
 By rigid Rules, they scarce durst speak their Mind.

I war-

I warrant ye, they thought it was a Crime
To think of Husbands in so sad a Time.
Poor Creatures! little did they know or heed
What Comfort's fitting—in a Woman's Need.
But had they as experienc'd been as we are,
Without Offence—they'd been a little freer;
At least if the Gallants that strut in Plays
Behav'd, and lov'd like People now-a-days,
Who walk by Rule, and make Advances still
To Women, as they like their Father's Will.
Now *Cato's* Will could have but little in't;
Good *Marcia* therefore might have ta'en the Hint.
Had she fall'n into any Hands but *Jub's*,
The Business might have met with many Rubs.

Well, may I die a Virgin, if I be n't,
(And if my Heart misgives me not I sha'n't)
Quite sick to see this *Roman* Way of Wooing;
No Wonder, truth, their Empire went to Ruine!
When a young Couple fairly come to treating,
If both mean well, what boots so much debating?
Oh precious Time! should (if a Woman may
Lament lost Time) be spent—a better Way;
And e'ery she that would not die a Maid,
Must husband Time, when Husbands may be had.
Your Pardon, Ladies, I offend; 'tis true
I came not here to teach, or lessen you;
But Women oftentimes exceed Commission—
My Errand only was a small Petition;

That with you Smiles you'd condescend to crown
 What the young Sparks just now gone off have done.
 These are the free-born Britons dearest Rights ;
 For these the Patriot speaks, and Warrior fights.
 These too, the Younkers ordered me to say,
 Will add new Brightness to this glorious Day ;
 Since ev'ry Month, when you are pleas'd, is May.



CATULLUS *de passere mortuo*
 LESBIÆ, imitated.

LET *Cupid* weep, and *Venus* Tears
 Her rosc Cheeks bedew,
 Weep, all that feel Love's pleasing Cares,
 Or e'er its Anguish knew.

The Joy of *Lesbia's* softer Hours,
 The Darling of her Eyes,
 Poor Pug, (and was it just ye Pow'rs?)
 A breathless Carcase lies.

So sweet a Creature——well he knew
 The lovely Nymph he serv'd,
 Scarce ever from her Lap withdrew;
 Nor from his Duty swerv'd.

For her it was his constant Care
To play his dextrous Fates,
Expose his handsome Shape and Air,
And all his witty Gaits.

But now, oh black and direful Day!
Ye Loves, and Graces, mourn;
He's gone the dark and lonely Way
Whence none, alas! return.

Oh cruel Death! we own thy Sway
O'er Mankind absolute;
Yet could'st thou find no other Prey
But so divine a Brute?

Say, was it just, thus to devour
An innocent so fine?

Oh horrid Insolence of Pow'r,
And Fact accurst of thine!

Oh wretched Pug! for thy Demise
What Sorrow *Lesbia* bears?

For this she weeps, and her fair Eyes
Stand gloating all in Tears.

A.



uan's
STR---'s FAREWELL

TO THE
HERMITAGE,

Sitting upon the Top of

Mount Alexander.

In his Poems p. 129.

I.

WITH this Diversity of View,
Oft have I wav'd my anxious Pain ;
When from the Summit I pursue
The Rock, the River, Wood, or Plain ;
Lakes, Mountains, Meads, Fields fertile far and nigh,
Divert the cloudy Thought and court the wandering Eye.

II.

Imagine then, thou blest'd Abode,
E'er while thy Master's fond Delight,
Where he was certain to unload
His Anguish, spite of lawless Might ;
Think on the Woes our first Fore-fathers knew,
Thrust out of Paradise, and such he feels for you.

III.

And you my pretty feath'ed Quire,
Who sung each Morn your cheerful Lays,
Who could your Patron's Soul inspire,
To join in your Creator's Praise ;

For

For whom will ye rehearse your heavenly Notes,
Erect your Gorges, and distend your Throats?

IV.

A barb'rous unrelenting Throng,
Cuts down your Bow'rs with ev'ry Tree,
Revenging your melodious Song,
Merely because you sung for me;
Soon from your native Mansions must you fly,
Be, for your rightful Lord, expell'd as well as I.

V.

Alas! that I should see an Age,
Which boundless Perjury has brought,
That I must leave to noisy Rage,
The peaceful Labours of my Thought;
What Swain so void of Sympathy but grieves,
To think my spotless Cell, is made a Den of Thieves?

VI.

The Groves that Raptures to me gave,
Contemplating the Works above,
Must harbour now each filthy Slave,
Compos'd of the Reverse of Love;
My solitary pure Recesses must
Suffer rebellious Hate, and shelter Lust.

VII.

The Letcher on each flowry Brink,
Will hear his fulsome Doxy sing;
The Traitors too, with Lab'ring think
How to withstand their native King;

Abomi-

Abominations, of such deep Disgrace,
As ne'er polluted yet that holy Place.

VIII.

The * Thickets of yon shady Brow,
Where wildest Creatures freely rang'd,
No more that Privilege allow,
So wonderfully Things are chang'd;
All must pour out their little Lives apace,
To feast the vilest Sons of humane Race.

IX.

Methinks I see that harmless Croud,
Viewing their Murderers around,
In dying Sighs and Groans aloud,
Proclaim the Pain of every Wound;
Wishing him safe, who ne'er could see them bleed,
Ev'n to subsist himself, whom they were born to feed.

X.

And thou my lovely Fountain show,
For thou could'st well inspire the Swain,
And make his icy Bosom glow,
Or cool or quench his raging Pain,
Tell how the friendly Bushes strove t' excell,
To rear a Shade for so divine a Well.

XI. As

* He suffer'd no Creature to be kill'd in his Park of Mount Alexander.

X I.

As I revere thy Silver Streams,

Thy cooling Rills, thy murmuring Noise,
Where often with a Health to JAMES,

Thou could'st revive our scanty Joys;
Be muddy still, if any Wretch begin
A Health to Tyrants, or Success to Sin.

X II.

Lo! *Argentius* lifts his Head

With Melancholly in his Look
Whither, O whither art thou fled

(He cries) from the beloved Brook?
By this my God-head, till thy Face return,
I'll pour out *Afnick*, or I'll close my Urn.

X III.

Yet e'er we part let's once remind

Diviner Powers, as heretofore,
The Worthiest Prince of humane Kind,

With all his Faithful to restore:
He quaff; with much ado he drank it up,
So fast his gushing Eyes supply'd the Cup.

X IV.

Then I! and straight the wat'ry Sire

Sunk down into the reedy Ground,
Adieu, said he. I must retire;

Then utter'd with a broken Sound,
Since thou'rt, for acting justly, thus oppress'd,
Go keep thy Fortitude and hope the best.

X V.

X V.

And now the hellish Bands advance,
 Bent to destroy whate'er they meet;
 Lo! while the furious Horse-men prance,
 Poor Peasants gasp beneath their Feet;
 Yet Cruelty sits smiling on their Cheeks,
 To hear the Orphan's Cries and Widow's Shreeks.

X V I.

O Heavens! let me remove as far
 If ever Ship so far could roll,
 To freeze beneath the Northern Star,
 Or perish at the other Pole
 E'er I behold such an unnatural War,
Christians commit what *Pagans* would abhor.

X V I I.

What then remains but that I go
 As *Argentinus* you now bid,
 Since there's a Fate that rules below,
 From whom there's nothing can be hid,
 That Fate can bear me Witness of my Heart
 How I have lov'd this Land, how loth I am to part.

X V I I I.

Retract not, O my Soul! I must
 Perform what Destiny ordains,
 In Providence I put my Trust,
 Adieu to Woods, to Hills, to Plains,
 Thou Envy of the turbulently Great!
 Farewell my sweet, my innocent Retreat.

THE HOLY ODE,

By the same Hand.

I.

WHEN I survey this mighty Frame,
With all its Orbs around,
Tho' still in Motion, still the same
In Space without a Bound,
The various Seasons of the Year
In beauteous Order fall,
I can't deny a Truth so clear,
A God must govern all.

II.

Yet do we find, to the Disgrace
Of Miscreants profane,
A crooked, perverse, stubborn Race,
Who scoffingly maintain,
Because they prosper in their Lust,
And Vertue's Force defy,
That Heav'n approves of the Unjust,
Or there's no God on high.

III.

Thus haughty Man, in Reason low,
Compar'd with the All-wise,
Presumes he can the Secrets know
Conceal'd from humane Eyes.

Could

Could shallow Man the Depths explore,
 The Godhead were but small,
 The sovereign Care need be no more,
 And Man might rule the Ball!

I V.

But O the providential Spring
 That's past all humane Ken,
 Which flows to the minutest Thing
 That moves, as well as Men,
 Permitting or commanding still,
 In each thy Pow'rs exprest,
 And all perform their Good or Ill
 As fits thy Glory best.

V.

Why then should Trial of Mankind,
 Which thou dost here bestow,
 Exalt a sublunary Mind,
 Or yet depress it low?
 The Wicked thou permit'st to reign
 And bloom but for a While,
 The Righteous only hug their Chain
 Till Heav'n think fit to smile.

V I.

O sacred *J*— let not thy Lot,
 Tho' seemingly severe,
 Make thee suppose thy Cause forgot,
 Thy Crosses nobly bear;

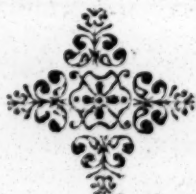
He who thy Heart has in his Hand,
Trust thou his holy Skill,
He has the People at Command
And turns them as he will.

VII.

But thou who sitt'st upon the Throne
Of S—— ancient Race,
Abandoning thy rightful own
To fill another's Place.
A C—— is a precarious Thing,
Thy Fate thou do'st not see,
They who betray'd their Native K——
Will never stick at thee.

VIII.

O eternal Source of Love,
Extend thy gracious Hand,
And hasten Justice from above
To this unhappy Land.
O may our panting Hearts have Peace,
And Innocence restore,
Then shall our Senate act with Grace,
Offending thee no more.



T H E
POETS *Petition* for WINE,
Address'd to the KING.

MOST GRACIOUS SOV'REIGN, please t' excuse
The humble Boldness of a Muse.
A Licence ever was allow'd
To *Poets* tolerably good :
And all Men know 'tis pretty hard
Ev'n for the ablest skilful Bard,
To manage *Pegasus* aright
When Spurs provoke his airy Flight :
So strong and sprightly is the Beast,
As all his Riders have confest,
That when he's touch'd, he scampers mad ill,
And almost throws us off the Saddle.
He keeps no Order nor Decorum,
But kicks behind, and drives before him.
Impute it then, *Sir*, to the Horse,
That bears us on his Back by Force,
If we at any Time, uncivil,
Disturb your Rest, and play the Devil :
And if these Lines are not in Season,
Forgive them for the foresaid Reason.

When Matters are considered duly,
You'll find it is no Wonder truly,
Tho' *Poets* take a Liberty,
Whate'er the Consequences be.

The silly Snail when trampled on,
At him by whom the Hurt is done
Shoots forth its Horns; yea ev'ry Creature
Thro' all th' Economy of Nature,
That has the least Degree of Sense,
Stands justly up in its Defence:
And often when they are too weak
Revenge upon their Foes to make,
They call th' Assistance of a Brother,
Or join in Friendship with another.
The Case was never contraverted;
Else loyal Subjects, when they smarted,
Had never sued for Royal Grace,
And of their Grievance sought Redress.

It cannot then be judg'd a Rudeness
That Bards presume upon your Goodness,
And make our humble Supplication
For greater Mercy in your Nation.
To whom beside can we repair
And all our Grievances declare?
Who better can redress our Wrongs,
Protect our Persons, and our Songs?
When Foes to *Apollo* and *Parnassus*,
By various Ways and Means oppress us,
Tis fit the KING should know the Matter,
Before his Subjects Pain be greater.

'Tis therefore beg'd your Majesty
To cast a favourable Eye

(When

(When State Affairs allow you Time)
 Upon our undigested Rhime;
 And pardon that we write no better,
 Since all our Inspiration's Water;
 For ne'er an Age could truly show yet,
 Without good *Wine*, a sprightly *Poet*.
 'Tis *Wine* that rouzes up the Mind,
 And makes the Fancy more refin'd.
 Not all the Streams of *Helicon*
 Have made such Bards as *Wine* has done:
 And where 'tis wanting, 'tis no Wonder
 Than we make many a woful Blunder.
 To want of it, the sad Condition
 Is owing ev'n of this Petition.
 For had we been inspir'd by *Wine*
 You shou'd have blest us for each Line.
 Our Verses had been fraught with Store
 Of Beauties; as in Days of Yore,
 When Bards the good *Falernum* bows'd,
 And thus their Wit and Genius rowz'd.

When great *Augustus* grac'd the Throne,
 'Twas not the Streams of *Helicon*
 And poor imaginary Drink,
 That made our Sires take Pen and Ink,
 With sprightly Fancies soar so high
 In lofty *Dactyle* and *Spondee*.
 But *Wine* was the inspiring Thing;
 'Tis that which only made them sing.

Whene'er their Muse began to flag,
Grow lazy, or to play the Wag,
A hearty Bottle put her right,
And gave them Warmth enough to write.

We live in other Days, and scarce
Can get a Penny for our Verse.
How shall we then obtain the *Claret*,
Which, all Men know, is cursed dear yet?
Our Muse at best but plays the Jade,
And we are forc'd to scratch our Head,
Or tear our Hair, or rub our Hips,
To prime our Nose, and bite our Lips,
To pluck our Ears, and spoil our Faces
With uncouth Looks, and odd Grimmaces,
Just like a Fellow on the Stool,
Or like a merry *Andrew* Fool,
Or like a *Quaker* without Text,
That's never with Connection vext,
But on with senseless Jargon goes,
Until he comes to—*Here we close.*
No Wonder then that frequently,
To make our Sense and Rhime agree,
We're straitned much, and often make
One Verse up for another's Sake.
Our good *Divines* are termed Leachers,
To get a *Crambo* fit for—Preachers.
Judges must Lovers be of Wenches,
Only because they sit on—Benches.

Whene'er

Lawyers are Devils call'd and Furies,
 Only for Sake of—*Corpus Juris*.
Physicians must their Patients kill,
 Good Reason why—it sounds to Pill.
 Whene'er we talk of precious Time,
 The other Verse will end with—Rhime.
 And scarce we speak of Pipes or Fidle,
 But we'll make up next Line with—Didle.
 Yea, when we have no more to say,
 We often write—*Escatera*.

But you will ask what Influence
 Has *Clio* on our Rhime and Sense?
 It first our Passions moderates,
 And this good Harmony creates.
 Now what is Harmony but chiming?
 And this is but mechanick rhiming.
 From first to last it then appears
 That *Wine* the Parent is of Verse.
 Tho' this be plain, and we at Random
 Cou'd say, *Quod erat demonstrandum*,
 Yet still to make it seem more true,
 We'll give an Instance, *Sir*, or two.

Horace's Clio never tired
 When with *Falerian* Juice inspired.
 Nor cou'd he well without his Glasses
 Describe the Charms of lovely Lasses.
 The sage *Buchanan* always wrote well
 When he had drunk a hearty Bottle.

His happy hundred and fourth Psalm,
Admir'd by Bards in ev'ry Realm,
Was the Effect of sprightly *Wine*,
Which made his Face and Fancy shine.
Few *Englishmen* there are but know
What *Rochester* cou'd sweetly do,
And how his Pipe refus'd to found
Until he was in *Claret* drown'd;
But not to trouble more your Head,
Of the same Mettal we're all made.

Now, we'd be easy with our Lot
If there was no *Wine* to be got.
But we observe it, and with Pain too,
That *Burgandy* and best *Champagn* now,
Without all Mercy swallow'd down,
By every Fop, and Fool in Town.
Unthinking Blockheads, doting Asses
That never knew or saw *Farnassus*,
Have Money, and profusely quaff,
Hire Musick, dance, and proudly laugh,
But will not spend one single Pence,
Upon a Bard—to learn them Sense.

'Twas your Ancestors Will and Pleasure
To make young Ladies strut at Leisure,
While by an Act they were debarr'd
From Silks above a Crown the Yard.
Fathers, 'tis true, approv'd the Act,
But all the Fair abhor'd the Fact,

His

And, like the freeborn Subjects, strove
 For Liberty—the Friend of Love.
 Yet this would raise your gracious Name
 And make the Muses sound your Fame,
 If by a solemn Proclamation,
 You'll tell our Case to all the Nation;
 For strange Diseases need strange Cures,
 (*Exempli gratia*, pocky Whores
 Are only by mercurial Doses
 Preserv'd alive with standing Noses.)
 And order strick, that ev'ry one
 To whom your Royal Will is known,
 Shall frankly, and it is but fair,
 Of each Days *Quota* only spare
 A Bottle for a *Poet's* Use,
 To pour Libations to his Muse.

Or least the Thing shall not succeed,
 Cause it most firmly be decreed,
 That all your Subjects henceforth buy
 Whate'er is wrote in Poetry.
 By this Mean shall a Reformation
 Be soonest wrought thro' all your Nation;
 No more shall Blockheads drink all Night
 And yet say nothing truly bright.
 Wit shall begin to spread and shine,
 Enforc'd by Poetry and Wine.
 And *Poets* shall no more be poor,
 But have sufficient proper Store,

(Without

(Without Dependance on another,
Such as their Patron, Friend, and Brother)
To furnish them with Meat and Drink,
Clothes, and Paper, Pen and Ink.

Yet if in Spite of this your Goodness,
Our Beaux continue in their Rudeness,
Bestow on Fidlers, Whores, and Claret,
And leave the *Poets* dry and bare yet,
We vow by *Phœbus* and the *Nine*,
By *Helicon*, and good *Champagne*,
That fir'd with true Poetick Heat,
Their Names and Conduct we'll relate,
Their Characters to all expose,
As Men confederate with your Foes,
For ev'ry wretch'd ungenerous Elf,
That scorns your *Poets*, scorns your self.
Now may it please your Majesty
To hear this joint and serious Cry,
Cause Matters be but as we say,
And your Petitioners shall pray, &c.



D.



To a very Poring and Speculative

GENTLEMAN.

By Mr. HUME.

SIR,

Lord Kaim

WHEN I'm long absent from your House
 You ne'er admit my feign'd Excuse:
 Now I must tell you, in a Letter,
 The Cause sincerely; and that's better
 Than dull Apologies well dress'd,
 Tho' not so artfully express'd.

Know then, that always when I come
 I find you sitting on your Bum,
 Or lying on a Couch, surrounded
 With Tables, Pens, and Books confounded;
 Wrapt up in lofty Speculation,
 (As if the Safety of the Nation
 Depended on your ploding Head)
 Or, as you were entranc'd, or dead.
 Tho' two long Hours, and more, I sit
 I never learn a Word of Wit:
 For, speechless all the While, you gaze,
 Or pore, or wander in a Maze:
 Still busied after your old Way,
 In spite of all the Things I say.

Yea,

N. Yea, oft I'm forc'd to kick your Shin,
To make me sure your Soul's within :
As Strangers when they're at the Door
Use still to knock, or call before
They enter there, that they may know
Whether the Folk's at home, or no.

Now, pray thee, Sir, for what should I
Be often in your Company?
What Profit or Diversion can
Your Silence give to any Man?
In short, ere you see me again,
You must be fit to entertain :
Clear your investigating Skull,
And purge, from all Whim-Whams, your Soul :
Of Prejudice divest your Mind,
And be a better Man, and Friend.



On a certain dull BEAU at the PLAY-HOUSE.

By the same Hand.

WHEN on the thoughtless Thing I cast mine Eyes,
What Scorn and Pity in my Mind did rise?
At once I look'd upon him with Disdain,
And mourn'd that such a Form so little shou'd contain.

I thought, before his Character I knew,
 He was a wise and well accomplish'd Beau,
 So grave his Looks, so delicate his Air,
 Judgment and Breeding seem'd to center there.
 His outward Shew was pleasing to the Sight,
 And promis'd that his Mind was generous and bright.

But when I heard the charming Ideot speak,
 So blunt his Language, and his Sense so weak,
 Soon I discover'd, thro' his Clay, a Soul
 To Earth ally'd, and, in a Word, a Fool.
 How cou'd I then, with Pleasure, see him plac'd
 So ne'er the Ladies, that the Play-House grac'd?

Strange that a Shade shou'd for a Substance pass,
 That Ladies gaze, with Pleasure, on an Ass!
 Since prudent Sages, since this World began,
 Ne'er thought that Gold and Cloth did constitute a Man.



ODE xxiii. of ANACREON, Englished.

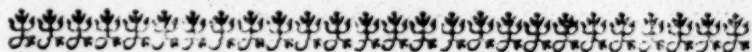
By the same Hand.

ON GOLD.

MISERS, say, can hoarded Gold
 Keep a Man from growing old?
 Can it Wonders work for Health?
 Then, like you, I'll covet Wealth:

If

If by it I may remain
 Secure from Death, Care and Pain.
 But if Treasures cannot save
 Mortals from the gloomy Grave:
 If the Misery of Life,
 Sorrow, Loss, Distress and Strife,
 Can't be brib'd by all our Store,
 Vain's our mighty Toil for more.
 On my Mistress and my Friend,
 Better 'tis my Wealth to spend,
 Than, in constant Rack of Mind,
 Hoard up Gold to leave behind.



A
 S O N G,

By the same Hand.

Lord Kington

I.

OBSERVE, ye Beauts, *Belinda* walking,
 Notice well her graceful Air,
 And if ye can but hear her talking,
 Own, with me, she's wife as fair.

II.

Her outward Charms are such a Treasure,
 All that see them wish t' enjoy:
 But yet her Mind can yield a Pleasure
 Time and tasting can't destroy.

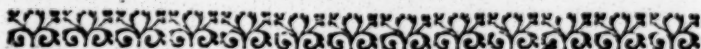
III.

III.

All our Youth, allow'd to know her,
 Conquer'd by her Shape and Mien,
 With Emulation, humbly woo her,
 Proud and happy in their Pain.

IV.

Ev'n those, who more, than outward Features
 Prize the Beauties of the Mind,
 By her o'ercome, exchange their Natures,
 Love triumphs, and Age grows kind.



T H E

Poor CLIENT's Complaint.

Paraphras'd out of BUCHANAN.

COLIN, by Promise, being oblig'd to pay
 Me such a Sum, betwixt and such a Day :
 I ask'd him, he refus'd it. I addrest
Aulus the Lawyer : He replied, 'Tis best
 To sue him at the Law, I'll make him Debtor ;
 Your Cause is good, there cannot be a better.
 Being thus advis'd, away to *Fete* I trudge,
 Pray him, and pay him to bespeak the Judge.
 Engag'd thus far, be't better, be it worse,
 I must proceed ; and thus I do depurse,

For

For writting *Summons*, signing, signeting
 With a red Plaister and a Paper Ring ;
 For summoning the *Principal*, and then
 For citing Witnesses to say, *Amen* ;
 For *Executions* (*alias* Indorfations)
 For Tabling, Calling, with Continuations ;
 Next for consulting *Aulus* and his Man,
 (For he must be consulted now and then)
 For Pleading in the Outter-house and Inner
 From Ten to Twelve, then *Aulus* goes to Dinner ;
 For writing Bills, for reading them, for Answers
 More dubious than those of *Necromancers*,
 For *Interlocutors*, for little *Acts* ;
 For large *Decrets*, and their as large *Extracts* ;
 For *Hornings* ; for discussing of *Suspensions*,
 Full stuff'd with Lies and frivolous Pretensions ;
 For *Please your Lordships*, and such like Petitions ;
 For raising and for serving *Inhibitions* ;
 And for *Comprisings* or *Adjudications*,
 For their Allowances for Registrations,
 And many, many, many other *Actions*,
 Which may be sum'd up in one Word *Vexations*
 Then unexpectedly, upon a small
 Defect alledg'd, *Colin* reduces all.
 We to't again, and *Aulus* doth disjoint
 The Process, and debates it Point by Point.
 The Cause at Length's concluded, but not ended.
 This made me wonder ! *Aulus* he pretended,
Decrets must not be given out at *Ranlum*,
 But must abide a serious *Avisanlum*,

Conform

Conform to Course of Roll ; when that will be,
Indeed I cannot tell, nor yet can he.

Thus *Aulus* hath for ten Years Space extended
The Plea, and further more I have expended
Vast Sums, *to wit*, for, Washing, Lodging, Diet,
Yet seldom did I sleep or eat in Quiet.
For *Coal*, for *Candle*, *Paper*, *Pen* and *Ink*,
And such like Things, which truly one would think
Were insignificant, but yet they're come
In ten Years Space unto a pretty Sum.
To *Macers*, *Turn-keys*, *Agents*, *Catchpoles*, *Petes*,
Servants, *Sub-servants*, petty *Foggers*, *Cheats* ;
For Morning-Drinks, Four-hours, Half-gills at Noon,
To fit their Stomacks for the *Fork* and *Spoon*,
To which they go ; but I poor Man, mean while,
Slip quietly to th' Earl of *Murray's* * *Isle*.
We meet again at Two, then to digest
Their Bellyful, they'll have a Gill at least,
Sometimes a double one ; for Brandy-wine
Can only end the War call'd *Intestine*,
For *Mum*, *Sack*, *Claret*, *White-wine*, *Purl*, *Bear*, *Ale*,
(One he would have it new, another stale,
Both must be pleas'd) for *Pipes*, *Tobacco*, *Snuff*,
Twist, *Coffee*, *Tea*, and also greasie Stuff
Call'd *Chocolate*, *Funch*, *Clarified-Whey*,
With other Drinks, all which I duly pay :

For

* *Old Kirk*.

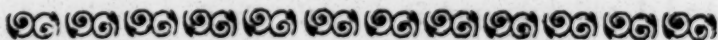
For Rolls, for Nackets, Roundabouts, Sour-Cakes,
 For *Cheshire-Cheese*, fresh Butter, Cookies, Bakes,
 For Panches, Saucers, Sheep-heads, Cheats, Pluck-pyes,
 Lamb-Legs, Lamb-Kernels, and Lamb-Privities,
 Skate, Lobsters, Oysters, Mussels, Wilks, Neats-Tongues,
 One he for Leeks, Beer, and Red-herring longs,
 This must be had, another doth prefer
Raw-herrings Onions, Oyl, Spice, Vinegar ;
 Rare Composition ! and he's truly sorry
 'Tis not in *Culpeper's Dispensatory* :
 For Apples, Pears, Plumbs, Cherries, Nuts, Green-Pease,
Dilse, Tangles, Purslain, Turneeps, Radishes,
 With Forty other Things, I have forgot,
 And I'm a Villan if I paid them not.
 Moreover my Affairs at Home sustain
 Both the emergent Loss, and cessant Gain ;
Aulus himself terms this a double Loss,
 And I call him and it a triple Cross.

By all these Means, my Expence does surmount
 Near ten times, ten times *Colin's* first Account.
 And now ere that I wholly be bereft,
 Of th' little Time and Money to me left,
 I'm at the Length resolved thus to do,
 I'll shun my Debitor and Lawyer too.
 And after this I never will give Credit
 Unto one Word, if either of them said it.
 You'll ask, Which of the two I'd rather shun ?
Aulus ; 'tis he, 'tis he hath me undone.

I've

I've Words from both, yet sad Experience tells,
That Colin gives, but *Aulus* dearly sells.

*Tb' unwary Reader thinks, perhaps that I
Have pen'd a Satyre 'gainst the Faculty :
'Gainst those who by their accurate Debates
Maintain our Rights, and settle our Estates ;
Who do their very Lungs with Pleading spend,
Us 'gainst Oppressors stiffly to defend,
A gross Mistake ! for I'll be sworn I do
Admire their Parts and their Profession too :
I wish that Law and Lawyers both may thrive,
And at the Height of Grandeur so arrive,
That in all good Men's Eyes they may appear,
Like burnisht Gold, both beautiful and clear.
That this may be, (and 'tis for this I pray)
Rust must be scour'd off, Cobwebs swept away.*



T H E

HAWK and NIGHTINGALE.

By a STUDENT in the University, in his Fifteen Year.

TWAS in the pleasant Month of May,
When Nature's Face look'd fresh and gay,
Just as *Aurora* overspread
The Eastern Hills, with rosy Red ;
That, on a Thorn, melodiously,
While silver Streams ran murmuring by,

A *Nightingale* outstretch'd her Throat,
And sweetly warbled out her Note.

Just so the *Swan*, before her Death,
Sings sweetest, with her latest Breath.

Down from the Mountains hoary Head
A hungry *Hawk* descends, with Speed,
And thro' the Busses flies in Quest
Of Venison, to breast his Fast.

Thus the imperial Bird of *Jove*
Comes fooling down from Clouds above.

The *Nightingale*, devoid of Fear,
Sings on : The *Hawk* was glad to hear ;
But sudden marr'd the Harmony,
As soon as he approached nigh.
For in his Claws, without Respite,
He seiz'd the Bird, and wing'd his Flight
Back to the Craggy Mountains Top,
Where he resolv'd to eat it up.

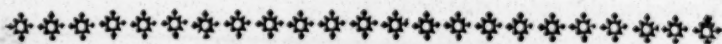
So *Reynard*, when he steals a Lamb,
Scowrs to the Den from whence he came.

The *Nightingale*, with earnest Cries,
Her self unto the *Hawk* applies,
And pleads with Arguments, in vain,
For wonted Liberty again.

Tho' you shou'd take my Life away,
(She said) and make my Flesh a Prey,
What Profit can at all accrue,
Or real Good, Sir Hawk, to you ?

My Body is so small you see
 A Breakfast scarcely it would be,
 Whereas my Life would do me good,
 And help to charm the neighbouring Wood.
 Besides, a Thousand Fowls you'll find
 Of larger Size, and different Kind,
 Much fitter for you, take my Word,
 Than a poor, silly, harmless Bird.

I beg you Pardon, he replies,
 Good Nightingale, I am more wise,
 Than loose a Prey I have in Hand
 For one I cannot yet command:
 You know that Fish, however small,
 Is better far than none at all.



A

Pastoral SONG,

Occasion'd by the Absence of his FRIEND.

By the same Hand.

I.

ON the Frontier of a Mountain
 Circled with a chrystal Fountain,
 All the long and ling'ring Day,
 From *Aurora* to returning
 Of the Night, in Sorrow Mourning,

Sylvius,

Sylvius, lonely, prostrate lay,
Because his Heart,
His better Part,
His *Strephon* was remov'd away.

II.

Shew (he said) ye Swains, another
Such a Friend, or such a Brother,
As my lovely *Strephon* gone !
Strephon was a charming Creature,
Strephon was the Pride of Nature,
Who hath left me here to groan,
And to languish,
Full of Anguish,
In this doleful Scene alone.

III.

How I long, and pine with sighing !
Nothing can abate my crying
Till I see my Friend again.
If he is a faithful Lover,
His own Case will soon discover
What is my tormenting Pain.
Hasten homeward,
Lovely Shepherd,
Quickly leave the Western Plain.



H

VERSES

V E R S E S

Sent to His

F R I E N D,

With a HARE taken by his HOUND
in the Country.

By the same Hand.

WHILE you, dear *Strephon*, with unwearied Pain,
Confin'd within *Edina's* Walls remain,
Traverse the Streets with footy Veils o'erspread,
Like Mists, which cloath the aged Mountains Head ;
In Search of useful Learning, pine away
With Thought all Night, and Study all the Day ;
In open Air, at Liberty, I rove,
Range ev'ry Field, and pleasurable Grove,
Rejoyce in Meadows, Woods, and silver Streams,
Make rural Pastimes all my darling Themes ;
Sometimes on River's Brink mine Hours employ,
And, with my Bait, the Finny Race destroy ;
Or, other Times, o'er spacious Fields, pursue,
With stately Hounds, the tim'rous Hare in View.

So t'other Day, when I, on hunting bent,
To *Ratho* Fields, with sprightly *Grey-hounds*, went,
This latent Hare, on sudden, from her Den,
Starts up, amaz'd, and frisked o'er the Plain.

With

With Glance severe, the *Hounds* espy the Beast :
 But *Swallow*, that doth still prevent the rest,
 With hasty Vigour, presses on the Prey,
 And runs, with Aim unalter'd, keen to slay.
 Her Strength, her Beauty, and her Courage too,
 Outstrip'd'em all : For none like her can do ;
 She seldom miss'd the Game she did pursue.

The trembling *Puss*, its outmost Force displays,
 Skips fleet, and often makes an airy Maze ;
 Oft to the Braes, and other Strengths, she bends,
 And all the Spirit of her Limbs extends.
 But yet from *Swallow* 'twas in vain to fly,
 By whose sharp Tusks she was decreed to die.
 For tho' a while the *Hound* allow'd the Sport,
 At Length she stretch'd, with an inflam'd Effort,
 Sprung on relentless, and pursu'd to Death
 Th' unhappy *Hare*, now weary of its Breath.

Cou'd I, like *Muso*, paint a Subject right,
 No Length of Time shou'd *Swallow's* Fame benight :
 In deathless Songs, her Vertues shou'd be known,
 And my Descriptions gain me high Renown :
 I'd sing her Race, in my exalted Strains,
 Whilst *Hares*, destroy'd by her, reward my grateful Pains.

But in a Letter to my City Friend,
 A long Detail, I fear, wou'd but offend.
 Yet e'er I close I may presume to say,
Swallow alone did win the doubtful Prey ;

That oft she run among our rural Woods
 Swifter than Ships can stem the foaming Floods;
 But never shew'd her Vertue more than now
 When she secur'd me of this *Harve* to you.

The Gift, tho' small, assures you of my Love,
 And tells that *Sylvius* faithless doth not prove.
 Tho' out of Sight, you're never out of Mind.
 Grant, Heaven, that *Strephon* may be just so kind,
 And not forget his honest, Country Friend!
 And when you are relax'd from usual Toils,
 Come live with me upon the rural Spoils.
 If Health and Life are worthy of your Care,
 Forsake the Town, and take the open Air.
 Vicissitudes the weary Mind regale,
 But dull Confinement makes a Court a Jail.



A N
 E P I S T L E
 T O

Mr. *Mitchel*l.

By the same Hand.

TO thee, dear Friend, who prun'd my flutt'ring Wing,
 Inspir'd my Muse, and taught me how to sing,
 I send these Lines to hail you safe return'd
 To Town, where I have long your Absence mourn'd.
 Forgive

Forgive the Rudeness of a beardless Bard,
And more my Meaning, than my Strains, regard.
Much have I suffer'd by your tedious Stay
In rural Scenes, in Summer only gay.
Enough hast thou delighted in the Plains,
And try'd the Lays of the *Sicilian* Swains.
To *Pastorals* bid now a long Farewell,
And in *Edina* love, with us, to dwell.
No more, with Flocks consume thy fleeting Hours,
But soar above the Shepherds and their Bow'rs.
To nobler Heights on lofty Themes arise,
Nor think it Labour that may gain the Prize.

So mighty *Maro*, on the *Mantuan* Plains,
First sweetly carol'd with the rural Swains,
Than soar'd in *Epick*, and obtain'd the Bays
So well deserv'd by his immortal Lays.

Had I your Genius, M——!, and your Skill,
(But Strength's not always measur'd to our Will.)
Soon shou'd the Muses in our Isle revive,
And at their ancient Character arrive.
Diversiōn, shou'd not be my End in Verse,
As ah! 'tis yours too much, when you rehearse.
My Country's Good I'd eagerly pursue,
And think my Pains a real Pleasure too.
But I am young! my Muse is in her Spring,
And only yet her grateful Lines can bring
To thee, from whom her Inspiration came,
To whom she owes her Being, and her Fame.

Yet, with my Years, my Vigour may increase,
And better Verse a Genius may confess,
That's fit to write, and able for the Press.
A Youth may grow a well accomplish'd Man :
Yea, ev'ry *Poet* at some Time began.
Clap but my Cheek, it will afford Delight,
And when I err, but set me in the right ;
Approve at first my criminal Essays,
And, with good Words, correct my Infant Lays ;
Perhaps my Blossoms may arrive at Fruit,
And I may write what may your Judgment suit.
Before I die (if Fates preserve me long)
Men may be pleas'd with my inspired Song.

So tender *Hounds*, unable for the Prey,
Unfit for Game, may grow another Day :
When Limbs are strong and nimble for the Sport,
To Hills and Dales they'll eagerly resort,
With open Mouth, the trembling *Hare* pursue,
And give Delight to the beholding Crew.



A
S O N G. 66.

By the same Hand.

I.

YE Swains that are courting a Maid,
Be warn'd and instructed by me:
Tho' small Experience I've had,
I'll give you good Counsel, and free.

II.

The Women are changeable Things,
And seldom a Moment the same:
As Time a Variety brings,
Their Looks new Humours proclaim.

III.

But who in his Love wou'd succeed,
And his Mistress's Favour obtain,
Must mind it, as sure as his Creed,
To make Hay while the Sun is serene.

IV.

There's a Season to conquer the Fair,
And that's when they're merry and gay:
To catch the Occasion take Care;
When 'tis gone, in vain you'll essay.

AN

A N
A D D R E S S
T O T H E
M A S T E R S
I N T H E
U N I V E R S I T Y of *Edinburgh.*

By the same Hand.

W H I L E other Poets different Patrons chuse,
 In servile Flat'ry prostitute their Muse,
 For vile Rewards with mighty Labour wait
 And court the fickle Friendship of the Great,
 I hate such Mercenaries, and design,
 From this Reproach, to free the Art divine,
 And never Praise without Desert bestow:
 But who, ATHENIANS, merit more than you?

To you, the Glory of our Northern Isle,
 On whom *Minerva* and the Muses smile,
 Who best can judge, and only yield the Bays,
Edin's Bards shou'd consecrate their Lays:
 Their boasted Stream from your rich Ocean pours,
 And all the *Helicon* they drink is yours.

True sacred Learning, that dispels the Night
 Of Ignorance, by its refulgent Light,

Exalts

Exalts our Souls above the vulgar Throng,
 Glows in our Words, and animates our Song,
 That adds a pleasing Flavour to Discourse,
 Proceeds from you, as Waters from their Source.
 Their Wealth and Fortune others may impart,
 But they give noblest who bestow an Art:
 The best of Arts, that cultivates the Mind,
 Reforms our Natures, makes our Wit refin'd,
 From your full Spring o'er *Albion* gently streams,
 And grateful Acts in just Requitall claims.
Apollo's Sons, who of your Bounty share,
 By me their just Acknowledgments declare,
 As Rivers borrow from the copious Main,
 And grateful glide their Tribute back again.

Cou'd I in Verse your wondrous Merits show,
 Unbidden shou'd my pious Numbers flow.
 I owe you all I am, and greatly mourn
 My want of Pow'r to make a just Return.
 O may some abler Bards, with nobler Flight
 And better Skill, do their great Masters right!
 Bless'd shou'd I be to rouse our lazy Youth
 Immers'd in Prose, and fetter'd in their Sloth,
 To ply their Work, and, in adventrous Lays,
 Exert their Genius, and exalt their Praise.

Each kind of Laurel *Allien* doth afford,
 Bards for the Quill, and *Hero's* for the Sword.
 Tho' Pow'r and Riches fly our slighted Isle,
 The Muses look with a propitious Smile.

Edina yields not to *Augusta* yet
 For Learning, Sense, Integrity and Wit.
 In spite of our hereditary Snows,
 Our Winds and Ice a noble Fervour glows
 In *Scottish* Breasts, which, if improv'd, vyes
 With *English* Warmth produc'd in clement Skies.

Succeeding Ages, wond'ring, shall behold
 Our Poets famous as our Soldiers bold :
 Each Wit with noble Emulation rise,
 And trace great *Maro* o'er the chrystal Skies ;
 With *Milton* shake Heav'n's Throne with loud Alarms,
 And set th' Almighty Thunderer in Arms.
 Already they express a generous Flame,
 And look with Rapture at the Poet's Name.
 I think I see the sprightly Youths inspir'd,
 Their Breasts with glorious Emulation fir'd ;
 To those rich Gifts which Nature did impart
 They now begin to add the Strokes of Art.
 Harmonious Numbers flow from them with Ease
 Which seem already qualify'd to please.
 They read the Works of Masters who excel,
 And, imitating, hope to do as well.
 May kind *Apollo*, with a fond Delight,
 Indulge his Sons, and animate their Flight !
 And, ye learn'd Sires, to whom our Arts belong,
 Peruse our Verses, and protect our Song.
 A Smile from you will more increase our Life,
 Inspire with Courage, and sustain our Strife.

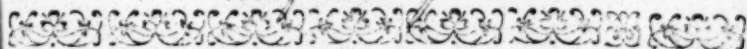
Your

Your great Example will affect the Town,
And force the Crowd to due Compliance soon.
Like you, our Country will reward our Flame,
And yield the Prize of well deserved Fame.
What's done by Persons of superior Sense
On lesser Minds has pow'rful Influence.

Thus Royal Paterns ev'ry where prevail :
The Subjects follow, with obsequious Zeal :
The sacred Person darts attractive Rays,
And Crowds grow loyal, when allow'd to gaze.

* 24 John Calender
the friend of Mitchell

J. C.*



A N
E P I S T L E
T O
Mr. P O P E.

By Mr. HEPBURN.

Mr. P. Hepburn of Bedford in East Lothian
author of the
Letter to
Donald MacKay
of the North
WHILE you, in fair Augusta, justly great,
The Father of the Poets now translate,
And soar aloft on the Memian Wing,
Our British Bards instructing how to sing:
Me to Edina my hard Fate confines,
Yet bids the English Muse shine forth in Northern Lines.

Your

Speak

Speak Goddess, since 'tis thou canst best rehearse,
 Why are my Country-Men such Foes to Verse?
 Why Wit and Genius are in vain pour'd down
 By Heav'n upon this dull devoted Town?
 Sure, 'tis not want of Learning, nor of Sense,
 But by some fatal Turn of Providence.
 While we the *Grecian* and the *Roman* Store
 Exhaust, and foreign Languages explore,
 We're rich abroad, but Beggars still at home,
 And know all other Tongues, except our own.

Speak also Muse, why those that were before
 Companions in my Youth, are so no more.

Philathens, whom almost I blush to name,
 Whose boundless Lust scarce twenty C——ps cou'd tame,
 Lives stupidly resolv'd t' endure the worst
 God can inflict on Infidels accurst.
 A ranting Hero, dreams he is a Wit,
 And proves or dull, or wicked in a Fit:
 At last to meer Rusticity sinks down;
 Coxcomb when young, in Years advanc'd a Clown.

Cunning *Misander* is no more my Friend,
 Whom trifling Arts alone can recommend.
 His Dance, or Song, with an affected Air,
 Instead of pleasing, but disgusts the Fair.

Civilis, who was once so promising,
 Is grown, a poor, polite, insipid, Thing.

But now, my Muse, a brighter Scene disclose,
Describe these Men whom sacred Friendship chose
To be the sure Companions of my Life,
Devoid of Envy, Ignorance and Strife.
Display their Vertues, and record their Fame,
Assign to each his true peculiar Name:
Their real, and not feigned Names rehearse,
Names not below the Dignity of Verse.

Immortal *Boyd*, whom every Grace adorns,
And every Muse, thy self a Muse; nor scorns
Of Reputation to derive a Part,
From *Phæbus's* Laurel and poetick Art:
To whom the tuneful Nine here so much owe,
From whom with Ease harmonious Numbers flow.
Oh! what resistless Charms your Verse adorn,
When the young Archers, fairer than the Morn,
With such uncommon Turns of Thought you paint,
And, like a *Roman* Triumph, represent.
Thro' Regions unexplor'd your Flight you wing,
And teach ev'n *English* Poets how to sing.

Di——n, the *Æsculapius* of our Isle,
On whom *Apollo* and the Muses smile.
On him the God bestow'd his healing Art,
And did divine, and certain Skill impart.
The Virtues of all Herbs and Plants he knows,
Their hidden Qualities he wisely shows.
Fam'd for his Zeal to great *Augustus's* Throne,
He hates *Pretender's* Claim to Kingdoms not his own.

Next

Next *Cu——n*, for Conversation fit,
 In whom the pleasing social Vertues meet.
 For Candor and Sincerity renown'd,
 In this degen'rate Age so rarely found.

Cu——s was once my greatest, wisest Friend ;
 Alas ! he was ; now only to commend
 Remains ; to raise a Monument of Fame,
 And these last Honours pay unto his Name.
I with unnumber'd Tears deplore thy Fate,
Whom Godlike Vertues render'd justly great :
Experience has thee humane Nature shown ;
The Pow'rs above are now by Death made known.

Sing next, celestial Muse, the beauteous Throng,
 (And may the Graces still attend thy Song)
 But if each Beauty in *Elina* shines,
 Thou mak'st the willing Subject of these Lines ;
 Had'st thou an hundred Tongues, they'd all be found
 Unable their just Praises to resound.

In the first Rank stands *Annabel* the Fair,
 Whose Modesty, and Wit, and Godlike Air,
 My tender Breast with vertuous Passion fir'd,
 But what before was lov'd is now admir'd.

Eliza, in a Flow of Wit and Words,
 To Lovers still Variety affords.

Cruel *Urania* turns to Heav'n her Eyes,
 And from Mens warm Pursuits devoutly flies,

But

But Heav'n is just, and surely will bestow
Mercy on none, but such as Mercy show.

Charming *Corinna*, not intirely chaste,
In Birth and Fortune is below the rest;
But Humour and Vivacity inspire
Whate'r she does, or says, and fan the amorous Fire;
How beautiful were solid Vertue here,
Where Vice it self so graceful does appear.

It must be own'd, our Moments tedious grow,
And Youth it self is spent in empty Show;
Unless some beauteous she our Heart ensnares,
And with unnumber'd Charms beguiles our Cares;
Cares dull Philosophy can scarce remove,
Nor any Thing, except successful Love.

Pious *Aeneas*, when *Eliza*'s Slave,
No longer does his fated Kingdoms crave,
Till forc'd at last by the Commands of *Jove*,
He follows *Italy*, throws off his Love.

Ev'n Eloquence can't furnish equal Arms,
To guard our Hearts from Beauty's fatal Charms.

Except such Breasts as are untam'd and rude,
All others powerful *Venus* has subdu'd.
Who does not know the Transports of her Reign,
When in each others Arms the Lovers lock'd remain?

But

While

While other Mortals hostile Fear alarms,
 Give me *Corinna* to my longing Arms;
 Ev'n pious chaste *Urania* I'd refuse,
 And fair *Corinna* for my Mistress chuse.

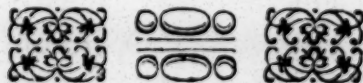


O F
 L O V E
 T O H I S
 C O U N T R Y.

By the same Hand.

from Asquith's Poems

I Own the glorious Subject fires my Breast,
 And my Souls darling Passion stands confest.
 Beyond our Loves, or Friendships sacred Band,
 Beyond my self, I prize my native Land.
 On this Foundation wou'd I build my Fame,
 And emulate the Greek and Roman Name,
 Think *Britain's* Peace bought cheaply with my Blood,
 And die, with Pleasure, for my Countries Good.





OF THE
G L O R Y
O F
G O D and H E A V E N.

HOW bright, O Lord's, thy Majesty divine,
Like Noon-Day Suns, when all thy Servants shine?
Yet highest Angels, like faint Tapers, glow,
With burning Rays where all thy Glories flow.

If our weak Eyes decline the shining Sun,
How wou'd our dazled Sense thy Brightness shun?
Were but thy Presence in the least display'd,
And in full Lustre to our Sight convey'd?

Our flowing Hairs wou'd into Bristles rise
If a swift Cherub glanc'd upon our Eyes:
And shou'd his Wings, in their dread Length appear,
Our frightned Hearts wou'd melt away with Fear.
But if we saw but one superior Beam
Of their great Prince, how wou'd we humbly scream,
And tremble till our Joints asunder part,
And frighted Spirits from our Bosoms start?

I

Thy

Thy Throne, O God, is rais'd above the Skies,
 Where Heights on Heights, and Worlds of Glory rise.
 There, in full Strength, shines an eternal Light
 And dares the dark Approach of sable Night.
 There Smiles ne'er languish into heavy Gloom:
 Each Scene of Bliss in constant Beauty blooms.
 Eternal Raptures fill the pleasing Place,
 And Joys unmixed shine in ev'ry Face.
 What Extasies transport thy ravish'd Train?
 How blest! How great! How glorious is thy Reign!

What Happiness do blessed Souls enjoy
 Who feast on Pleasures that will never cloy?
 How sweet's the Heav'n where Faith in Vision dies,
 Where Hope quite swallow'd in Fruition lies?
 Nought can be wanting to compleat the Bliss
 That makes the Soul inferior Thoughts dismiss;
 And sets the World in such becoming Light
 That all Things here seem horrid to the Sight,
 Castles in Ruin ly, and gilded Charms afright.

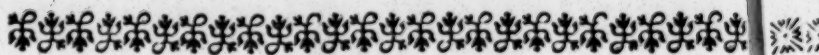
Thick Clouds obscure the Grandeur of the Place,
 And Masks, O God, disguise thy flaming Face,
 Lest divine Looks shou'd flash Mankind to Death,
 And, in a Blaze, burn up the guilty Earth:
 But still the searching Flame the Veil defies,
 Pierces thro' Night, and dazles in the Skies,
 Lights up the Heaven in ten thousand Fires,
 And, with its Beams, the Universe inspires.

When

When down thou com'st, the same indulgent Nod,
 Commands the Clouds to shade thy bright Abode.
 Thy Glories still the Covering disdain,
 And juggle thro' the Thickness of thy Train.
 Tho' Darkness thine assum'd Pavilion be,
 The Godhead sparkles forth with Majesty,
 For Infinite the Creature is too weak,
 And that which is unbounded ev'ry Mound must break.
 Thus thro' its Rival shall the Light be hurl'd,
 At the Confusion of the falling World,
 When Darkness, sallied from its deepest Vault,
 Shall in the Heav'ns the Sun and Stars assault.
 As once Mount *Sinai*, lost in fearful Smoke,
 Which shrin'd thy Presence when thine Angel spoke,
 (Whilst Trumpets shrill, and Thunder roaring loud
 And flashing Lightning burst the thickned Cloud)
 Look'd terrible in Darkness mixt with Light:
 A dreadful Splendor, and amazing Sight!

B.





On the X. Chapter of JOSHUA.

By the same Hand.

BEHOLD the Slaughter of a cursed Race!
 Too full of Sin to share the Acts of Grace!
 Whom Heav'n, with unrelenting Fury, slew,
 When *Israel's* Hero, like a Tempest, flew
 O'er ravag'd Cities of the conquer'd Land,
 And o'er each Province stretch'd the wide Command;
 Till at the Conquest Sun and Moon amaz'd
 Forgot their Course, and on the Carnage gaz'd:
 Wond'ring they stand, and dreadful Vengeance view,
 Yet smile with Joy, and noble Actions shew,
 When destin'd Foes, who blindly them ador'd,
 Were struck with Fear, and spoiled by the Sword.
 Too great the Success, and too great the Fight,
 Th' Exploit too glorious for the Shades of Night!

Blest dismal Day! when, under Heav'n's Command,
 Great *Jacob's* Seed, with a victorious Hand,
 Against the *Pagan* Enemies appear'd,
 While Zeal for God did bear its own Reward.
 Each Soldier, hearty in the glorious Cause,
 Another *Sampson*, or a *David* was.

On

On the XI. Chapter of JOSHUA.

By the same Hand.

BEHOLD the Rendezvous of Kings, unite
To challenge *Israel* and its Lord to fight!
Who vaunting Numbers to their Frontiers brought
And felt the Doom their proud Rebellion sought.
Abandon'd Fools! th' avenging War to try,
And, in the Field, Almighty Arms defy.

See Giant Troops with hideous Woods of Spears,
Canaan's Champions, and the Nations Fears!
A Mountain's Size each one! A Castle's Height!
In each an Army's Force! A Kingdom's Might!
Their monstrous Bulk looks terrible afar,
Like moving Tow'rs, advancing to the War:
Yet, conquer'd, they in haste inglorious fly,
Or, unlamented, in long Numbers die.

What Strength of Empires, warlike People slain,
Chariot on Chariots heap the bloody Plain!
See slaughter'd Flesh fill *Merom's* purple Streams,
And Armour hudge with Shafts, like floating Beams,
While captiv'd Princes throng triumphal Carrs,
And fetter'd Legions crown the guilty Wars.

For

For Wives and Gods they fought, but fought in vain,
 Their Hands must wear the *Israelitish* Chain,
 Or soon their Blood victorious Weapons stain.
 Against their Maker, and his chosen Race,
 None can engage and fly, without Disgrace.
 Confederate Pow'rs can ne'er do *Jacob* harm
 While shielded safe by God's Almighty Arm.



V E R S E S

Occasion'd by the Dancing of two young
 LADIES at the AUTHOR's Request.

FOND to survey the Graces of the Fair,
 I beg'd the Favour of a lovely Pair
 To show their Skill and Beauties, in a Dance—
 But soon as they did on the Floor advance,
 Ye Gods! How were my Spirits, at the Sight,
 O'ercharg'd and ravish'd with the vast Delight?
 More glorious cou'd not *Venus* Charms appear:
 No humane Mind such rushing Joys cou'd bear.

Thus *Symele* intreated mighty *Jove*
 T' appear to her as he appears above.
 The Nymphs Request the amorous God obey'd,
 But soon his Thunder burnt th' ambitious Maid.

D.

The



The XIV. Chapter of ISAIAH's Prophecy, from Verse 4.

Paraphras'd in Blank Verse.

*Great Images are hardly shown in Rhime,
And the short Stile best suits the true Sublime.*

MIR.

WHERE's now that thund'ring Arm that lately
(shook
This World with awful Might? And where's that Blaze
Of ancient Glory, which, with dreadful Lustre,
Made *Babylon* the Queen of Cities reign
Bright, as a Comet 'mongst the twinkling Stars?
What Pow'r superior has destroy'd her Pride
And put a Period to long boasted Greatness?
Beneath what hellish Globm is all the Light,
Of late so dazling, now obscur'd and sunk?
Or, doth some Charm forsake our wilder'd Fancy,
And show the Pow'r, that was our Dread before,
To have been all the cheating Work of Dreams?
Sure no—the sickly World yet smarting owns
The Tyrant's cruel Hand; and Lions Tow'rs,
In Ruin, witness to the dismal Stroak,
Whilst we, sad Captives, mourn our native Land.

Th' Almighty King hath all these Wonders wrought.
'Tis he, whose Love first fram'd the dreadful Staff,
Which

Which chastned long his Rebel Sons, who now,
Repenting, breaks at last the Rod in Pieces,
And humbles those that triumph'd o'er our Shame.

The Scene is chang'd—Behold the pow'rful Arm,
Skill'd to inflict new Veng'ance, is cast down!
He, whose imperial Nod controul'd the Nations,
Abandon'd, flies an easy Prey to Slaves.
The Earth, of late beneath the Load oppress'd,
Now eas'd, converts her Sorrows into Joy:
From Pole to Pole glad Acclamations ring.
The Fields look gay; all Nature now regains
Its native Pride, and smiles at the Deliv'rance.
The Cedars rear their branching Heads, and sing,
While lesser Trees assent to what is said:
“ Since we from thy oppressing Pow'r are freed,
“ Exempt from common Ruin we have stood.
“ So may our humble Voice be heard with these
“ Who louder far, with tuneful Tongue, proclaim
“ Th' all-bounteous Author of our general Good.

Now Earth is eas'd. But Hell receives the Load.
Foreboding Horrors seize th' infernal Throng.
With anxious Thoughts perplex'd, they search the Cause,
Nor when they know it, have they wish'd Relief.
Promiscuous now they crowd to see that Man,
The Wonders of whose Fame already fill'd
Their Regions. And Hell a While is kept
In strange Suspence. From many'a Clime resort

Those

Those mighty Chiefs of whose great Deeds on Earth
Men once had loudly spoke. But now they leave
Those Thrones in Hell, where still they personate
Their tyrant Power, and urge their common Woe.
Unnoted, now they join the vulgar Crowd,
And while they wait that Man whose greater Name
Eclips'd their Honours, they themselves forget
Their ancient Fame, and stifle all their Pride.

At Length the wondrous Man in Sight appears.
But O how chang'd !
Some Marks of ancient Honour still he bears :
His Crown and Scepter, now his greater Shame :
While, drag'd in Chains, the mighty Hero seems
The lowest Slave in Hell. Lowest in Fear.
Unusual Terrors shake his dastard Soul.
Trembling at every Joint, his palsied Limbs
Scarce bear his spectre Frame. Ghastly he views
Hell's dreadful Coast and Legions widely spread,
Again grim Death sits in his meager Looks
Pale with redoubled Horror, and compleats
His second Triumph. Hell stood long in Maze :
A While they view the ugly Form, then muse
The Wonders of his Fame, of which both Earth
And Hell so loud had rung. Convinc'd at Length,
Familiar thus they accost the hateful Shade.

Are these the poor Remainers of that Man ?
Are these the latest Trophies of thy Fame ?

Whose

Whose Glory late, like Meteors sudden Blaze,
Pent up within this World in narrow Bounds
Did seek some larger Orb? But O what Change
Awaits Terrestrial Glory! None so great
But Death will soon reduce. To what Extremes!
Where's all thy mighty Power, and greater Threats?
Abandon'd now, weak even as we thou stand'st,
An humble Slave of Hell. Thy Pomp and Power
Are buried with thee. And thy Mulicks Voice
Sleeps in the Grave, where Vermine round thee crowd:
These now th' alone Attendants of thy State:
These now thy numerous Troops and faithful Guards.

While thus we see the Scourge of humane Race
In Hell secur'd. Again we view that Height
From which so late he shone our greatest Dread.
But now how fall'n! As if that splendid Star,
Which brightest in his Course doth ever shed
Selectest Influence upon this Earth,
And leads black Night, or tells th' approaching Day.
Should he obscur'd forsake his glorious Orb
And tumble to this Earth, such was thy Fall,
Thou haughty Man whose fond Ambition swell'd
Above all Pitch of humane Power. Who sought
To fix thy Throne above the Stars of God.
Nor should the highest Heavens know the Bounds
Of thy proud Tyranny; until possess
Of God's high Throne, alone thou might'st remain
The Sov'reign of the World.

But

But thy strange Fall

From such pernicious Height bears not a Curse,
That measures all thy Pride. A real Hell,
Large as that Heaven of which so late thou dream'st.

The strictest Search of many a curious Eye,
Shall find no Vestige now of all that Power
Which shook this Earth, and aw'd the trembling World.
Whose dread Rebukes could blast its Joys or Hopes,
Could break its firmest Bonds, and banish Peace
And every Sweet of Life; and from whose Wrath
No Power could give Relief. Again this Earth
Appear'd like ancient *Chaos*.

But as high

Above all humane Power as late thou shone,
So low this Earth beholds thee now deprest
Beneath all worldly Grandeur, or Renown;
For while the other Princes of this Earth,
With fun'ral Honours crown'd, seem yet confest
The Sov'reigns of the World: Thou art debarr'd
A Place with Mankind.

As an useless Branch

Torn from the common Trunk neglected lies.
Or as the Carcase of the ravenous Wolf,
So *Toines* expos'd, the Joy of every Eye;
Until with Heaps of Stones sent from the Hand
Of every Passenger, thou sink at length
In Rubbish: Buried with thy own Disgrace.

T H E

T H E
P E N I T E N T P R U D E .

Written in a Pastoral Strain,

By a B O Y of Fourteen.

Y E sacred Nine, a beardless Boy inspire,
To sing of *Calia's* Charms, and *Damon's* Fire.

Long had the Swain with amorous Passion burn'd
And, unsuccessful, his Condition mourn'd,
When, in a Grove, he found the frowning Maid,
And finding thus, he prest her Hand, and said.

D A M O N .

My charming *Calia*, why do'st thou disdain
A Heart, that's offer'd by a loving Swain ?
Tell me the Reason, too too cruel Fair,
Why I'm despis'd, and all my Faults declare ?
Sure as no Charms did ever equal thine,
No Love can more than rival this of mine ;
Nor are my Parts and Qualities so base,
That I should labour under such Disgrace.
In sacred Song, by *Phæbus*, I'm inspir'd,
By Shepherds courted, and by Nymphs admir'd.
On me kind *Pan* propitious hath bestow'd,
Fields, Flocks and Fountains, Groves and ev'ry Good.

Wou'd

Wou'd *Calia* deign to lay aside her Hate,
 I'd nothing want to make my Joy complete.
Calia whose Face a *Scythian's* Soul might move,
 And in a frozen Bosome kindle Love,
 Derides my Passion, and makes Offers vain,
 Tho' Spite of all her rigorous Disdain
 I court my Wounds, and triumph in my Pain.
 Ah! lovely Tyrant, let your Vot'ry know
 The Cause and Reason, why you treat me so.
 Forget your Scorn, my dear relentless Fair,
 E'er, lingring long, I perish thro' Despair.
 Pity ah, pity mine afflicted Soul,
 Receive your Servant, and preserve him whole.
 Nor longer waste these Charms that were design'd
 At once to conquer, and to crown Mankind.

C Æ L I A.

Damon (in Fury spoke the haughty Maid)
 Will your rash Folly never be allay'd?
 Why dost thou teeze me thus? I pray forbear,
 Since I'm resolv'd to disregard your Pray'r:
 Or change your Conduct, or endure my Hate.
 In vain from me thou hop'st a milder Fate.

D A M O N.

Cou'd you not give (cry'd out the Love sick Swain)
 Your fatal Sentence in a milder Strain?
 You might in Pity some Excuse have feign'd,
 And said at least, the Gods have so ordain'd.
 For tho' no longer 't'wou'd detain my Breath,
 Yet it wou'd mitigate the Pangs of Death.

But

But ah! It seems we must for ever part,
 Farewell, but mind you broke a Lover's Heart.
 Adieu, my cruel charming Nymph, adieu,
 May Heav'n forgive, and always smile on you.
 Kill'd by your Frowns, to Shades unknown I go,
 Yet shall my Love for ever live below.

Thus spoke, in Shades of everlasting Night,
 The Shepherd sunk in haughty *Calia's* Sight :
 So drops the Lilly on the verdant Mead,
 (That us'd to raise its beauteous blooming Head)
 When o're the Skies *Apollo* rides in State,
 And darts with Force his irresistible Heat.

But when the Nymph beheld her Lover's Death,
 She cried, bewail'd, and wou'd recall his Breath.
 For tho' she had with tow'ring Pride survey'd
 His racking Pains, and laught at what he said,
 An ardent Passion in her Bosome glow'd :
 She lov'd the Youth, altho' no Love she show'd.
 Such is the Spirit of that fickle Sex,
 That they delight their Lovers to perplex.
 Such was the Turn of charming *Calia's* Mind,
 She lov'd to be ador'd, yet seem'd unkind.
 But now, too late, she chang'd her haughty Air,
 Reform'd her Temper, and wou'd lend an Ear :
 With many a Vow, and most impatient Cries,
 She said, O *Damon*! Lovely Youth, arise,
 Know, charming Swain, thy *Calia* loves like you,
 Altho' she never told her Mind till now.

Yet all in vain she labours for Redress.
Her willful Coyness hightens her Distress.
She throws her Body careless on the Ground,
And punish'd, thus proclaim'd her mighty Wound.

CÆLIA.

Wretch that I am, deserving endless Woe
That lov'd a Swain, and yet abus'd him so ;
Sister Nymphs take this Advice from me,
When ye are courted never peevish be,
Share your Minds, and yeild to soft Desires,
While Cupid's Wings fan up your youthful Fires :
Happy I have lost a lovely Swain,
Pride of all our Caledonian Plain :
Whose sad Fate each Shepherd will confess
Grief and Tears, there can be no Excess :
All that knew the charming Youth will join
In friendly Sighs and pious Tears with mine.
I'd like him ; yet his Request deny'd,
He kept his Hope in languish till he dy'd.
O gentle Shade, whether thou now do'st rove
In some blest Vale, or ever verdant Grove,
A Moment listen to my Grief and take
The softest Vows that Penitence can make.
Now I bid my Joys a long adieu,
Thy Eyes with Tears shall melt away for you.
Hence a lonely Hermit I'll repair
To fast Woods, and tell the Wind my Care.

On ev'ry Tree that's worthy of the Wound
 I'll stamp thy Name, and make the Woods resound
 Thy Love which I alas! did once disdain
 In my poor Heart Impression shall maintain.
 No future Charms my Spirit shall allure:
 For ever spotless shall my Flame endure.
 Nor shall, unless the Fates can do me wrong,
 My Separation from my Dear be long.
 Hasten, lazy Time; dispatch ye lingering Hours;
 Regard my Wishes, O propitious Pow'rs:
 Send gentle Death, forbid his hated Stay,
 I court his Darts, and meet him half the Way.

Symonds



Panthea Lamentation.

By the same Hand.

Symonds

O Sacred *Phæbus* thy Assistance bring,
 Whilst I the Fate of sad *Panthea* sing.

Panthea lov'd, her languid Eyes confess
 The secret Anguish of her tortur'd Breast.
Sirephon, transported, saw the blushing Dame:
 He saw, rejoyc'd, and own'd his equal Flame.
 Unpractis'd in the Turns of Female Art,
 The Nymph receiv'd him with a joyful Heart.

But cruel Fates ordain'd him to be gone
And leave behind the loving Fair alone,
In hated Scenes, his Absence to bemoan.
Beneath a Beech, th' abandon'd Virgin laid,
Express'd her Care, and thus she sadly said :

Hard Fate that I shou'd separated be
From one I love, and who loves also me.
Immortal Pow'rs, what cou'd such Envy move?
We're blameless both, if 'tis no Crime to love.
What greater Curse on Earth cou'd I receive?
What greater Signs of Hatred cou'd you give
Than to bereave me of that charming Youth
Who lov'd with such Sincerity and Truth?
Who knows but in some foreign Shade he lies,
And, plung'd in Sorrow, for *Panthea* sighs?
What Satisfaction can I ever find
Far'd from his Presence, and to Woods confin'd!
To gentle Slumbers seal my weary Eyes:
From me all Joy and Gladness ever flies.
My Cheeks no more their lively Colour boast,
My Food is loathsome, and my Strength is lost.
To desert Rocks, and lonely Shades I go:
Tell the Trees and rustling Winds my Woe.
In a Grove soft Slumbers me surprize,
For me *Sirephon's* Image doth arise:
Spring with joyous Transport to the Place,
And strive to clasp it in my close Embrace.
But, when awake, I find my self alone,
And his dear Image with my Slumber's gone,

Distracted like some *Bacchanal* I rove
Thro' Rocks and Woods, and Hills and ev'ry Grove.
My Soul's so clogg'd with anxious amorous Care,
It cannot send to Heav'n one pious Pray'r.
Whene'er I chance to speak of any Youth,
For his, your Name comes quickly from my Mouth,
My sister Nymphs perceive the mighty Flame,
And chide me for it, tho' they cannot blame.
Sometimes I trace your Footsteps to the Shade,
Where first your Vows, where first my Love was paid:
Touch'd with the Sight, I set me down alone
And there lament my lovely *Strephon* gone.
In Spite of me the Tears incessant roll,
And tell the inward Suffrings of my Soul.
Nought that I see my wyward Mind can please,
Afford Relief, or send a Moments Ease.
No Object grateful to mine Eye appears:
The Plain a dark and gloomy Prospect wears.
All Things deriv'd their Charms from him alone,
And with him all these pleasing Charms are gone.
So when *Apollo* leaves the ruddy Skies,
And dusky Night the vacant Place supplies,
The Shade is uselefs, and the flowry Plain,
Affords no present Pleasure to the Swain.
No balmy *Zephyrs* thro' the Willows play,
And chrystal Fountains, unregarded, stray.

O cou'd I in some Defart wilds be thrown,
Where never Print of humane Foot was known,

There I perhaps might mitigate my Pain :
 A Happiness I cannot here obtain.
 For still I'm tortur'd when I view the Place,
 Where once I held you in my close Embrace :
 I swoon away when I observe the Grove,
 The conscious Scene of our untainted Love.
 Then to some Desert, hidden Land I'll fly,
 Where never Joy and Company come nigh.
 No jovial Pipe, or warbling Lark I'll hear,
 But croaking Ravens shall delight my Ear.
 Ye fragrant Wreaths of *Hyacinth's* adieu,
 The *Cypress* shall surround my Temples now.
 Farewell ye ev'ry checker'd verdant Mead,
 To you the rugged Mountain shall succeed.
 Envolv'd in Thought on some old Trunk I'll rest,
 And think how wretch'd *Panthea* once was blest.
 If Joys revive not, let me wretched prove :
 For what is Life without the Swain I love?

THE
 SHEPHERD'S RECOVERY.

By the same Hand.

M E N A L C A S.

W H Y, dearest *Damon*, why so sad art thou ?
 Why so dejected, and so sullen now ?
 Hath some fierce Tyger thy lov'd *Heifer* slain,
 Or torn thy sportive *Lambkin* on the Plain ?

K 2

Dispel

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Dispel your Care, and tell some wanton Tale,
For what can Tears or silent Sighs avail ?
How can you mourn in this delightful Shade
By Nature, for all humane Blessings made ?
Here silver Streams in sweet *Meanders* flow,
There, on the Banks, the beauteous Lillies grow.
No Wolves do here our thriving Flocks molest,
Nor Noon-tide Beams with sultry Heat infest.

D A M O N.

These are the Pleasures of a Mind at Ease,
When *Celia* smil'd, these Things did also please :
But since the perjur'd Maid has prov'd unkind,
And giv'n her Vows and Honour to the Wind,
No charming Scenes delight my gazing Eye,
And all my Pipes hang out of Order by.
I'll go to Woods where savage Beasts repair,
But ah ! Less savage than the fickle Fair.
In lonely Wilds, far from her cruel Hate,
With Wolves and Bears I'll find a milder Fate.
Yet never, never can I cease to love,
No Treatment can my Flame from her remove.

M E N A L C A S.

Then who shall lead the Ringlet round the Plain,
And make the Hills resound a joyous Strain ?
Unto whose Musick shall the Birds give ear ?
Whose Notes shall make the very Trees draw near
Shall one false Virgin cause a general Grief,
When there are thousands to afford Relief ?

Be glad, my *Damon*, cast that Form away,
Take up thy Pipe, and for Diversion play.
A Song, well chosen, will afford delight,
Cause thee forget the haughty *Celia's* Spite,
And make thy Cares at once forgotten be:
Come, *Damon*, sing, or take a Song from me.

D A M O N.

Thy Voice, *Menalcas*, gentler than the Breeze
That sweetly whispers thro' the waving Trees,
And more melodious than the warbling Kind,
Us'd always to refresh my mournful Mind.
Try now your Skill by labouring to divert
This heavy Load that hangs upon my Heart.

M E N A L C A S.

I'll try the Song which *Phæbus* might have made:
Your Case, if it revive you not, is sad.

I.

" 'Twas in a Shade
" While the Winds play'd,
" And the Birds warbled under each Bough:
" While Fountains flow,
" Murmuring below,
" In my Arms *Phillis* utter'd this Vow,

II.

" Swain when I prove
" False to thy Love
" All the wing'd Nation no more shall sing,

- " No Leaf shall shoot,
 " Winds shall be mute,
 " And not a Murmur heard in the Spring.

III.

- " Thus did she swear,
 " Pleas'd did I hear,
 " But Words of Women, when they are kind,
 " Shou'd last for ever,
 " Grav'd on a Feather,
 " In the loose Leaves, the Water, or Wind.

IV.

- " Sweet as the Rose,
 " White as the Snows,
 " Like them soon faded, sullied is Woman:
 " Fair like the Moon,
 " Changing as soon,
 " Bright as the Sun, and as the Sun common.

V.

- " Like the frail Flow'r
 " (Child of an Hour)
 " Such are her Beauties, such are our Bliss'es;
 " Opening when blooming,
 " Gayly consuming,
 " Ev'ry Bee sucks them, ev'ry Wind kisses.

D A M O N.

Ah 'tis too true a Character I own,
 And I'm resolv'd to be abus'd by none.

Since *Celia's* false I'll find a kinder Fair,
 Tho' if I shall, 'twill be prodigious rare.
 If never any Crown my ardent Love,
 I'll take my Pipe, and curse them all, by *Jove*.



T H E
 F A B L E
 O F T H E
 FOX and GRAPES.

By the same Hand.

AS *Reynard*, that intriguing Sinner,
 Was ranging all the Fields for Dinner,
 He spy'd a Vine, whose ev'ry Cluster
 Within was ripe, without had Lustre.
 The golden Sight his Soul affected,
 Nor were the proper Means neglected :
 For tho' the Fruit, upon the Tree,
 At least, were six or sev'n Foot high,
 He lickt his Lips, he blest the Star
 That led to such delicious Fare,
 And if all Tales be true, I'm sure,
 He leapt a hundred Times and more
 To reach what hang'd above his Pow'r.



At

Sine

At last grown weary, he began
 To think his Labour was in vain ;
 But scorn'd withal to have it said,
 Lest other Foxes shou'd upbraid :
 And therefore, turning Truth to Jest,
 The sly, facetious, greedy Beast,
 Why gaze I here, cries out, so soon
 At Fruit which won't be ripe this Moon ?
 They're fowr as Crabs, unfit for me
 Or any Fox of Quality.
 At best they may be the Repast
 Of Pyes or Daws that want a Taste.

REFLECTION.

Just so I heard a Friend of mine
 Describe his Mistress all divine.
 But when he found his Hopes were vain,
 He eat her Praises up again :
 Lampoon'd the Nymph he lov'd before,
 And call'd her an ill-natur'd Whore.



 HORACE'S Ode xvi. Book III.

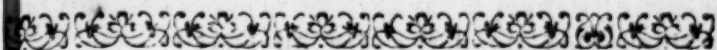
Translated by Mr. JAMES ARBUCKLE.

WHEN Storms the hardy Sailor overtake,
And Wind-swoln Waves on Waves impetuous
break;

The Heav'ns a Face of direful Horror wear,
And no kind Stars direct him how to steer,
Aghast he views the gloomy Seas and Skies,
And to the Gods for Ease and Safety cries.
For sweet Repose the rugged *Thracian* prays,
And the stout *Parthian* sighs at last for Ease;
Would gladly buy it, were it to be bought,
With all the Spoils for which so oft he fought.
Treasures, my Lord, and Honours both are vain,
Afford no solid Joy, nor soften Pain;
No Comfort to the lab'ring Breast can yield,
S. With a disorder'd Mind's fierce Tumults fill'd,
Nor dissipate the Cares that hourly wait
In Palaces and Houses of the Great,
Duly to Levies and to Courts repair
Among th' officious Crowds unbidden there.
But blest is he whose Wealth can just afford
Domestick Plenty on a cleanly Board:
No fordid Wish, no mean Desires controul
His gentle Sleep, or warp his even Soul.

Why

Why then this great ado, this endless Strife
To make Provision for so short a Life?
Why leave we in Disgust our Native Shore,
And Lands remote and distant Realms explore?
How vainly thus from Place to Place we run,
When none his greatest Plague himself can shun?
Close at the Horseman's Heels does Care pursue,
And keeps the flying Galley still in View:
It never stops to breath, nor lags behind;
Out runs the Stag, and drives before the Wind.
Who now has Joy, and happy lives to Day,
To Morrow and its Cares drives far away;
Nor virtuous Mirth, tho' Ill betide, forego:
Nor perfect Good is to be found below.
Death snatch'd *Achilles* quickly off the Stage,
While *Typhon* wastes away with mould'ring Age;
And Fate perhaps will give those Days to me
It shall deny and take away from thee.
To thee the Gods, with no penurious Hand,
Allot fair Flocks, and goodly Fields of Land,
Brisk Steeds to whirl thy Chariot o'er the Plain,
And purple Robes to charm the vulgar Train.
To me, tho' less profuse, indulgent Heav'n,
Large as my Wish, a little Farm has giv'n,
With something of a Genius mod'rate strong,
To rise in Verse and soar aloft in Song,
And Pride enough to think my self above
The Crowd, and scorn their Hatred or their Love



Ode vi. Book III.

By the same Hand.

THE Ills your Ancestors have done,
Romans, the present Age shall mourn :
See you have made their Crimes your own,
Tis just their Guilt on you return.

As you their Punishment shall bear,
Till what your Fathers did prophane,
The holy Temples you repair,
And give the Gods their Shrines again.

Both' early Piety of Rome,
While yet an uncorrupted State,
Scribe her glorious Rise and Bloom,
For on the Gods all Empires wait.

When Recollect the dreadful Ills
The Gods, by us neglected, hurl'd
From mighty Rome's imperial Hills,
And shook the Mistress of the World !

Now twice our barb'rous Parthian Foes
Our inauspicious Arms controul'd,
And with insulting Pride expose
The Spoils our Legions won of old !

While

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While *Rome* with *Rome* contending stood,
 Unpunish'd aim'd the *Moor* his Dart :
 The *Dacian* Pyrates skim'd the Flood,
 And our Seditions took their Part.

Fruitful in Crimes, that Age did first
 The holy Rites of Love transgress :
 With Infamy their Off-spring curst,
 And left their dubious Heirs at guess.

To this polluted Fountain Head
 Impute the Rise of all our Woes ;
 And think you, can those Storms be laid,
 But with the Crimes from whence they rose ?

Early the ripe and melting Maid
 Must learn her pliant Limbs to move ;
 The various Postures of her Trade,
 All th' eager Jarks and Springs of Love.

Marry'd, her Lessons she improves,
 Grows up in Wantoness as Years ;
 And daily Conquests and new Loves
 Are all the Object of her Cares.

Restrain'd by no connubial Awe,
 She scorns to keep her Business dark ;
 Or silently apart withdraw,
 And tip the Wink upon her Spark.

To; the brib'd Husband knows the Lay,
And with this View his Guests entreats,
Some roaring Bully of the Sea,
Or wealthy Merchant from the Streights.

To these for precious Baggatelles,
Gay Silks, and Rings, and Diamond Pins,
The careful Tit her Body sells,
Cloath'd with the Price of all her Sins.

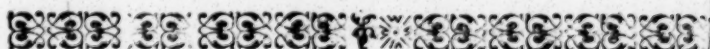
'Twas not the Brood of such as these
Made the stern *Grecian* Monarchs yield;
Distain'd with Blood the *Tyrrhene* Seas,
And won the World at *Zamma's* Field.

But Soldiers of a rustick Mould,
Rough, hardy, and enur'd to bear
Or Summer's Heat, or Winter's Cold,
Domestick Toil, or foreign War;

Who, when they with their anxious Sire
All Day had ditch'd, or till'd the Ground:
At Night around a genial Fire
In jovial Bowls their Labours drown'd.

But what does not at Length decay?
Our Pattern from our Sires we drew;
As from their Ancestors did they,
And more refin'd Debauchees grew.

And doubtless in a little Space,
 Deriv'd from us, the World shall see
 A more politely vicious Race
 Than we with all our Skill can be.



EPITHALAMIUM

On the MARRIAGE of
 My Lord——with Lady——

By a young LADY of The Fair Intellectual
 Club, *present at the Marriage.* *YH*

“**Y**E Muses, Loves and Graces, now prepare
 “ To crown gay *Damon* and *Belinda* fair,
 “ Of all our *Caledonian* Plains the Pride,
 “ He the best Bridegroom, she the loveliest Bride.

While Swains and Nymphs in Crowds convene to ha
 The happy Pair, I will not want my Tale,
 But, with the rest, in joyous Consort join,
 And wish them Blessings, noble as their Line;
 O cou'd I what my Heart contains express,
 I'd sing the Charms and Talents they possess;
 High as their Merits, spotless as their *Lyre*,
 My Numbers shou'd in St——s Judgment prove.
 Tho' Words are wanting, they that know me well
 My inward Sense and Gratitude can tell.

Upon their Marriage, may auspicious Fate
Tendrenly Smile, and make their Bliss compleat.

“ Let Muses, Loves and Graces, now prepare
To crown gay *Damon* and *Belinda* fair,
Of all our *Caledonian* Plains the Pride,
He the best Bridegroom, she the loveliest Bride.

In him whate’er is generous and refin’d,
The Arts and Vertues that adorn the Mind,
Sprightly Wit, and manly Sense, are join’d.

In her the Graces of her Sex unite,
All that is lovely and engaging meet:
Nature has thrown its Treasures at her Feet.

“ Let Muses, Loves and Graces, then prepare
To crown gay *Damon* and *Belinda* fair,
Of all our *Caledonian* Plains the Pride,
He the best Bridegroom, she the loveliest Bride.

The Strength and Vigour of the Mid-day Sun,
Summer’s Ripeness, and the Flow’rs of *June*,
All Things, on which the amorous Wars Success
Which Wives well know and sighing Virgins grieve
Depends, are lodged in the Bridegroom’s Pow’r,
To be exerted in th’ indulgent Hour.

He, soft and gentle, willing to be bless’d,
Never to yield the Store too long possess’d,

With

With beauteous Blushes in the Crowd appears,
 Whilst long'd for Joys are usher'd in with Fears.

" Let Muses, Loves and Graces, then prepare
 " To crown gay *Damon* and *Belinda* fair,
 " Of all the *Caledonian* Plain the Pride,
 " He the best Bridegroom, she the loveliest Bride.

O may they live, and propagate a Race
 With *Damon's* Spirit, and *Belinda's* Face:
 By using Time, elude the Ills of Fate,
 And stretch their Lives beyond the destin'd Date



A

S O N G.

By the same Hand.

I.

YOUNG *Damon* wounded with a Dart,
 Shot from *Belinda's* Eye,
 Forfakes the Fields to ease his Heart
 With Musicks Melody.

To Balls and Theatres he goes,
And seeks to sooth his amorous Woes,
But all the Means are vain,
Since sprightly Sounds blow up the Fire
Which Beauty doth at first inspire,
And raise, not cure his Pain.

II.

'Twas not the Way to be secure
From *Cupid's* mighty Bow,
To seek from *Phabus* Lyre a Cure:
But I can tell him how——
Drive bastard Modesty away
And make a daring dear Essay,
"To gain the Nymph's Consent.
'Tis that alone can give you Ease:
Returns of Love will Pains redress,
"And yield you wish'd Content.

H.



E

A



P R O L O G U E

T O

L O V E at first S I G H T.

By Mr. CRAWFORD.

P R O L O G U E S to Plays, are now so common grown,
 That tho' they must be spoke to please the Town
 For fifty bad ones, you will scarcely find,
 One to instruct or to divert the Mind :
 Our Author therefore, bid me only say,
 He wish'd you a much better Treat to Day.
 But yet——

Tho' Subsidies of Wit he can't advance,
 He's as larded his Supply, with Song and Dance,
 ✓ Two Things of late that with a Gust go down,
 And catch the whole Surprize of all the Town.
 He wou'd have dish'd up Satyr, but he knew
 'Twou'd offend many, and wou'd please but few.
 Besides, ill Natur's what he wou'd avoid,
 Least it shou'd be against himself imploy'd.
 Least he shou'd shew his Penury of Wit,
 And he that came to bite, himself be bit.
 Our Poet therefore will give no Offence,
 Neither to Fools, nor to the Men of Sense.

But begs to his Endeavours you'd be kind,
 His Faults excuse, since Faults you can't but find :
 And in return to so much Kindness shown,
 To one that Favours will be proud to own,
 All they can ask he wishes to the Fair,
 To be rever'd, and beauteous as they are :
 To his own Sex, but they have all in View,
 They reach all Happiness, in seeing you.



EPILOGUE.

By the same Hand.

WELL Sirs—you now expect an Epilogue,
 But this same Bard of ours is such a Rogue,
 I durst have sworn he was possess'd to Day,
 No Rhimes he cry'd, no, not to save my Play ;
 I ask'd his Reason why ? 'Sdeath Sir, quoth he,
 Go but to *Drury-Lane*, and there you'll see,
 Gay Decorations to amuse the Town,
 While parting Lovers do their Fate bemoan ;
 And hug, and sigh, and weep, and sob alone.
 Wax Tapers, gaudy Clothes, rais'd Prizes too,
 Yet even the Play thus garnish'd wou'd not do :
 No poysonous Druggs, by Empericks gilded are,
 No Strumpets varnish o'er unwholsome Ware.

While you with Negligence my Muse receive
 And but a slender Entertainment give.
 But look you Sir, said I, the Case is plain,
 You have no pompous Lines to swell the Scene ;
 As the last Poet did in *Drury-Lane*,
 No Angels Wings, to sprout where Serpents grew,
 No Hills, nor Dales, nor Groves of lovely Hue,
 No Vehicles with Milk white Steed's so rare,
 So beautiful, so sweet or *D bonair*,
 With Royal Innocence they may compare,
 No Perfumes, Rocks, nor Grotts ;——and so forth, Sir,
 At that the frightened Poet, 'gan to stare,
 Took up his Heels and left us to Despair.
 Now Gentlemen all that I have to say,
 Is that you'd please again to see the Play,
 And hear an Epilogue another Day.



O N

L O V E.

THERE is no wordly Pleasure here below,
 Which by Experience doth not Folly prove ;
 But amongst all the Follies that I know,
 The sweetest Folly in the World is Love :

But not that Passion which with Fools Consent
 Above the Reason bears imperious Sway,
 Making their Lifetime a perpetual Lent,
 As if a Man were born to fast and pray.
 No, that is not the Humour I approve,
 As either yielding Pleasure or Promotion:
 I like a mild and lukewarm Zeal in Love,
 Altho' I do not like it in Devotion;
 For it has no Coherence with my Creed,
 To think that Lovers die as they pretend:
 If all that, say they, dy, had dy'd indeed,
 Sure long e'er now the World had had an End,
 Besides, we need not love but if we please;
 No Destiny can force Mens Disposition,
 And how can any die of that Disease,
 Whereof himself may be his own Physician?
 But some seems so distracted of their Wits,
 That I would think it but a venial Sin
 To take some of those Innocents that sits
 In *Bedlam* out, and put some Lovers in;
 Yet some Men rather than incur the Slander
 Of true Apostates, will false Martyrs prove,
 But I am neither *Iphis* nor *Leander*,
 I'll neither drown nor hang my self for Love:
 Methinks a wise Man's Actions should be such,
 As always yields to Reason's best Advice,
 Now for to love too little or too much,
 Are both Extremes, and all Extremes are Vice;

Yet have I been a Lover by Report,
 Yea I have dy'd for Love, as others do :
 But prais'd be God, it was in such a Sort,
 That I reviv'd within an Hour or two.
 Thus have I liv'd, thus have I lov'd till now,
 And find no Reason to repent me yet ;
 And whosoever otherwise will do,
 His Courage is as little as his Wit.



On a WOMAN's Inconstancy, and the ANSWER.

I Lov'd thee once, I'll love no more,
 Thine be the Grief, as is the Blame ;
 Thou art not what thou wast before,
 What Reason I should be the same ?
 He that can love unlov'd again,
 Hath better Store of Love than Brain.
 God send me Love my Debts to pay,
 While Unthrifts fool their Love away.

Nothing could have my Love o'erthrown,
 If thou had still continued mine ;
 Yea, if thou had remain'd thy own,
 I might perchance have yet been thine.

But thou thy Freedom did recal,
That if thou might elsewhere inthral;
And then how could I but disdain
A Captive's Captive to remain?

When new Desires had conquer'd thee,
And chang'd the Object of thy Will,
It had been Lethargy in me,
No Constancy, to love the still :
Yea it had been a Sin to go
And prostitute Affection so,
Since we are taught no Pray'rs to say
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy Choice,
Thy Choice of his good Fortune boast ;
I'll neither grieve, nor yet rejoyce,
To see him gain what I have lost :
The Height of my Disdain shall be
To laugh at him, to blush for thee,
To love thee still, but go no more
A begging at a Beggar's Door.





The ANSWER, by the *Author*, at the
KING's Majesty's Command.

THOU that lov'd once, now lov'st no more,
For fear to show more love than Brain;
With Heresy, unhatch'd before,
Apostacy thou dost maintain.

Can he have either Brain or Love,
That doth Inconstancy approve?

A Choice well made no Change admits,
All Changes argue After-wits.

Say that she had not been the same,
Should thou therefore another be?

What thou in her as Vice did blame,

Canst thou take Vertue's Name in thee?

No, thou in this her Captive was,
And made thee ready by her Glafs:

Example led Revenge astray,

When true Love should have kept the Way.

True Love has no reflecting End,

The Object good set it at rest,

And Noble Breasts will freely lend

Without expecting Interest.

'Tis Merchants Love, 'tis Trade for Gain,
To barter Love for Love again :

'Tis Usury, yea worse than this,
For Self-idolatry it is.

Then let her Choice be what it will,
Let Constancy be thy Revenge ;
If thou retribute Good for Ill,
Both Grief and Shame shall check her Change.
Thus may'st thou laugh when thou shalt see
Remorse reclaim her home to thee ;
And where thou beg'st of her before,
She now sits begging at thy Door.



T H E
P A R A L L E L.

OUR Love of others is but Sense,
Against which Reason has some Fence ;
But thou our Reason dost subdue,
And it us Captives leads to you ;
For nothing can your Charms exceed,
Except the Vertues which them breed.

They imploy *Cupid* and his Darts,
But without wounding you gain Hearts ;

These

These no sooner begin to burn,
But in their Flames they find their Urn :
But, like the Sun, you warm all here,
And burn but such as come too near.

There Love can satisfy but one,
Because 'tis Sense that's doted on ;
But so infinite your Vertues be,
They bless as many as you see,
And such as see not Fetters wear,
For Fame does take them by the Ear.

Wishes to them, and Compliment,
Are Liturgys when on you spent :
We flatter them, but cannot you,
For ye make all our Flatteries true :
Our Nonsense on you's more than Wit,
For it is an extatick Fit.

Yet glory not to break poor Hearts,
Your Image will shew less in Parts,
They Subjects are, let it be seen,
You're not a Tyrant, but a Queen,
The Tode and Spider they can kill,
But to enliven 's divine Skill.

These Hearts the Temples are where we
Do you adore ; then must it be
Great Sacrilege to wrong that Place
Where hangs the Image of your Face :

if we in your Flames must dy,
we'll glorious Martyrs be thereby.



Paraphraſtical Tranſlation of *Ovid's*
X. Elegy, *Lib. iii. Amorum.*

HAVE too long endur'd her guilty Scorn,
Too long her Falseness my fond Love has born;
Freedom and my Wit at length I claim,
Gone base Passion, fly unworthy Flame,
Life's sole Torment, and my Honour's Stain,
Quit this tir'd Heart, and end my lingring Pain:
I have resolv'd to be my own once more,
And banish't Reason to her Rights restore,
And throw off Love's tyrannick Sway, that still
(increaching Power,

growing Shame I see at last, tho' late,
 and my past Follies both despise and hate :
 I'd out my Heart, and let her Beauties move,
 constant in thy Anger, as thy Love ;
 my present Pain shall give thee future Ease,
 bitter Potions cure, tho' they displease.
 For this End, for Freedom more assur'd,
 I have so long such shameful Pains endur'd,
 as a scorn'd Slave before her Door I lay,
 and proud Repulses suffer'd every Day,
 without complaining ; banish'd from her Sight,
 on the cold Ground I spent the tedious Night,

While

Whilst some glad Rival in her Arms did ly,
 Glutted with Love, and surfeited with Joy.
 Thence have I seen the tired Favourite come,
 Dragging a weak exhausted Carcass home;
 And yet this Curse a Blessing I'd esteem,
 Compar'd with that of being seen by him:
 By him discry'd attending in the Street:
 May my Foes only such Disgraces meet.

What Toil and Time has this false Woman cost?
 How much of unreturning Youth has for her
 (been lost)

How long did I, where Fancy led, or Fate,
 Unthank'd, unminded, on her Rambles wait?
 Her Steps, her Looks were still by mine pursu'd,
 And watch'd by me, she charm'd the gazing Crowd.
 My ardent Love, and over fond Desire,
 Has been the Means to kindle others Fire.
 What need I mention ev'ry little Wrong,
 Or curse the Softness of her soothing Tongue;
 The private Love-signs that in publick pass,
 Between her and some common staring Ass,
 The Coquet Arts her faithless Heart allows,
 Or tax her with a thousand broken Vows:
 I hear she's sick, and with wild haste I run,
 Officious haste, and visit Importune;
 Ent'ring, my Rival on her Bed I see,
 The politick Sicknes only was to me.
 With this and more oft has my Love been try'd,
 Some other Coxcomb let her now provide,
 To bear her Jilting, and maintain her Pride.

My batter'd Bark has reach'd the Port at last,
Nor fears again, the Billows it has past :
Cease your soft Oaths, and that still ready Shower,
Those once dear Words have lost their wonted Power ;
In vain you flatter, I am now no more
That easy Fool you found me heretofore ;
Anger and Love a doubtful Fight maintain,
Each strive by Turns my stagg'ring Heart to gain :
But what can long against Love's Pow'r contend ?
My Love I fear will conquer in the End ;
I do whate'er I can to hate you still,
And if I love, know 'tis against my Will.
As th' Ox, fatigu'd, shuns Ploughmans Yoke to wear,
Yet, spite of him, the hated Load must bear :
Crowd I, to Fury by her Lewdness rais'd,
Did often think the madding Fit had ceas'd ;
But artful Beauty soon that Storm appeas'd :
And, spite of me, my self I do ensnare,
For False and Vicious is varnish'd o'er with Fair.
Both with her and without her I'm in pain,
And rage to loose what I should blush to gain,
Uncertain yet at what my Wishes aim,
To oath to abandon Love, or part with Fame.
That Angel Form ill suits a Soul all Sin :
Oh ! be less fair without, or more within.
When those soft Smiles my yielding Powers invade,
In vain I call her Vices to my Aid,
Tho' now disdaining the Disguise of Art,
My Esteem her Conduct claims no Part :
Her Face a natural Right has to my Heart.

No

No Crimes so black are, to deform her Eyes,
 Those Clouds must scatter when these Suns shall
 Enough, fair Conqueror ! the Day's your own,
 See at your Feet Love's vanquish'd Rebel thrown.
 By those dear Joys, Joys dear tho' they are past
 When in the kindest Links of Love we held each other
 By the injured Gods your false Oaths did prophesy
 By all those Beauties that inspir'd Disdain.



T H E

Indifferent Lover.

'TIS not your Beauty nor your Wit,
 Which did my Heart obtain,
 No, those could never conquer yet
 Either my Breast or Brain;
 For if ye prove not kind to me,
 And true as heretofore,
 Your Slave I'll henceforth scorn to be,
 Or dote upon you more.

When that I strive your Heart to move,
 The further you refuse,
 Intending to increase my Love,
 My Patience you abuse :

es, all I go render Love for Hate,
 shall I serve you at Command,
 wn, be induc'd for to intreat
 own, Pity at your Hand?
 past
 ch of
 (f
 ropha
 Whilst you make Nice for to afford
 neither Look or Smile,
 grant me one obliging Word,
 Sorrows to beguile;
 ink not my Fancy t' overcome
 proving thus unkind,
 smoothing Smile, nor shining Frown
 satisfy my Mind.

r. know the Secrets of your Sex
 st perfectly e're now,
 en Maidenheads are laid at Stakes,
 at Women oft can do.
 let *Platonicks* play those Pranks,
 h Folly I deride,
 Love at least I will have Thanks,
 d somewhat else beside.

Then be ingenuous with me,
 I shall be with you;
 all your Actions be as free
 Vertue will allow:
 re intend to love me still,
 en do it but Constraint;
 if that Time hath chang'd your Mind,
 tell me, I'm content.

I mind

I mind to love, but not to dote,
 I love for Love again;
 And when I know you love me not,
 I'll laugh at your Disdain:
 If you prove loving, I'll prove kind,
 If true, I'll constant be;
 If Fortune chance to change your Mind,
 I'll change as soon as ye.

Since our Affections then you know
 In equal Terms does stand,
 'Tis in your Power to love or no,
 Mine's likewise in my Hand;
 Dispense with your Austerity,
 Inconstancy abhor,
 Or, by great *Cupid's* Deity,
 I'll never love thee more.

The Constant Lover.

THE Adamant doth draw indeed
 Iron, a Thing most heavy,
 But thou doth draw both Flesh and Blood,
 All who thee sees would have thee;
 When thou does touch, they straight must yield,
 Tho they were ne'er so witty:
 To save thy Dart, there is no Art,
 I never rue I lov'd thee.

Thy Body and thy Mind's compleat,
Nature ne'er framed better ;
Thy Actions all are so discreet,
The World remains thy Debtor.
The Mold is lost that did thee cast,
So much more thee Pity :
Twill be my Song both first and last,
I'll never rue I lov'd thee.

Tho' thou should ever prove unkind,
And never show me favour,
Yet still thou hast my Heart confin'd,
My Fancy cannot waver ;
The starry Heavens I do attest,
The Firmament above me :
Then would I have my Mind at Rest,
If thou wouldst say thou lov'd me.



A

Diswasive from WOMEN.

field, COME away, do not pursue
A Shadow that will follow you,
Women lighter than a Feather,
Lost and lost, and all together :

T

M

Such

Such a Creature may be thought
Void of Reason, a Thing of nought.

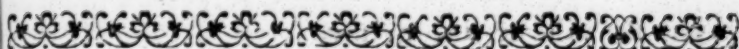
Come away, let not thine Eyes
Gaze upon their Vanities;
Nor thy better Genius dwell
Upon a Subject known so well;
For whose Folly at the first
Man and Beast became accurs'd.

Come away, thou canst not find
One of all that's fair and kind:
Brighter be she than the Day,
Sweeter than a Morn in May,
Yet her Heart and Tongue agrees
As we and the *Antipodes*.

Come away, or if thou must,
Stay a while, yet do not trust
To her Sighs, nor what she swears;
Say she weeps, suspect her Tears:
Though she seem to melt with Passion,
'Tis old Deceit but in new Fashion.

Come away, admit, there be
A natural Necessity;
Do not make thy self a Slave
For that which she desires to have.
What she will, or do, or say,
Is meant the clean contrary Way.

Come away, or if to part,
Soon from her affects thy Heart ;
Follow on thy Sports and Smile ;
Laugh and kiss and play a while ;
Yet as thou loves me trust her not,
Lest thou become I know not what.



An A N S W E R.

STAY, O stay, and still pursue,
Bid not such Happiness Adieu.
Know'st thou what a Woman is ?
An Image of celestial Bliss :
Such a one is thought to be
The nearest to Divinity.

Stay, O stay, how can thy Eye
Feed on more Felicity ?
Or thy better Genius dwell
On Subjects that do thus excel ?
Had it not been for her at first,
Man and Beast had liv'd accurs'd,

Stay, O stay, has there not been
Of Beauty and of Love a Queen !
Does not Goodness term a She
Worthy its only Shrine to be ?

And where will Vertue choofe to ly,
If not in fuch a Treafury ?

Stay, O stay, would'ft thou live free,
Then feek a nuptial Deftiny ;
'Tis not Nature's Blifs alone,
She gives but Heav'ns, and that in one.
What fhe will, or do, or fay,
Never from Truth fhall go aftray.

Stay O stay, let not thine Heart
Afflicted be, unlefs to part
Soon from her Sport, kifs and play,
Whilst no Hours enrich the Day ;
And if thou doft a Cuckold prove,
Impute it not to want of Love.



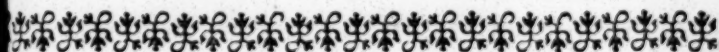
On the Lady Cast——n.

WHEN *Aurelia* firft I courted,
She had Youth and Beauty too,
Killing Pleasures when fhe sported,
All her Charms were ever new,

Subtile Time hath now deceiv'd her,
Which her Glories did uphold ;
All her Arts can ne'er reprove her,
Poor *Aurelia* is growing old.

Those airy Spirits, which invited,
Are retir'd, and move no more ;
And those Eyes are now benighted,
Which were Comets heretofore.

Faint of those abate her Merits,
Yet I've Passion for her Name :
Only kind and am'rous Spirits
Kindle and maintain a Flame.



Inconstancy Reproved.

Do confess, thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee,
Had I not found, the slightest Prayer
That Lips could speak, had Power to move thee ;
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be lov'd by none.

do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an Unthrif of thy Sweets,
My Favours are but like the Wind,
That kisseth every Thing it meets ;

And

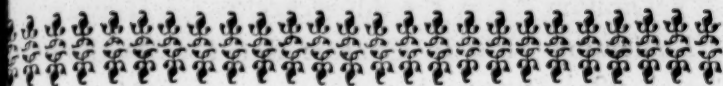
182 *The Edinburgh Miscellany :*

And since thou canst love more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be lov'd by none.

The Morning Rose that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her Briars, how sweetly smells,
But pluckt, and stain'd through ruder Hands,
Her Sweets no longer with her dwells,
But Scent and Beauty both are gone,
And Leaves fall from it one by one.

Such Fate e're long will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been a while,
Like fair Flowers to be thrown aside,
And you shall sigh when I shall smile,
To see thy Love to every one
Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none,





A

PASTORAL ELEGY,

Sacred to the

Memory of her deceast LOVER.

By a young Lady, a Member of the Fair Intellectual Club.

Beneath the Covert of a rural Shade

I sing the young, the dear ADONIS dead.

YE * friendly Swains, who mourn'd *Menalcas* Fate,
And best deserve the Bays in *Albion* yet :

My first Essay in pastoral Excuse,
Indulge my Genius, and protect my Muse.

And ye, † sweet Nymphs, who, like the tuneful Nine,
T' improve your Minds, in sacred Friendship join,
With me, in Streams of briny Tears, deplore
The Young, the dear ADONIS now no more.
O could I vye, in Verse of equal Strains,
With *Rowe* and *Philips* ! Thro' the *British* Plains,
ADONIS Name and Merits shou'd be spread,
And all lament, with me, the Shepherd dead.

The

A * Mr. M ——— and Mr. C ——— r. †. Members of the
Fair Intellectual Club in Edinburgh.

Mr. J. C. ...

The hollow Rocks should eccho to my Lays,
 And chirring Birds in Confort sound his Praise :
 The chrystal Streams in murmuring Musick show
 My Tears for fair ADONIS as they flow :
 The whistling Winds shou'd bear the News around,
 And Trees strow all their Honours on the Ground :
 Nature shou'd yield an universal Groan,
 And justify the Grief my mournful Muse makes known.

Yet tho' I were as much as they renown'd,
 Of Skill possess'd with Bays and Laurels crown'd,
 I never cou'd in due Proportion rate
 My Grief with fair ADONIS early Fate :
 My Verse wou'd fail in labouring to proclaim
 His Character, and well deserved Fame.

But Passion can supply the Want of Art. —
 Nature best tells the Language of the Heart.
 Let Sorrow then in wild Expressions break,
 And rudely tell how, for ADONIS Sake,
The young, the dear ADONIS in the Grave,
 I pass my Days, nor future Comfort crave.

O why did I survive the fatal Day
 That snatch'd the Pride of all our Swains away !
 Why did the Fates so late afford such Joy,
 And then so soon, so sudden thus destroy ?
 What living Swain is blest'd with equal Grace ?
 And who can fill, in all Respects, his Place ?

Strepson

Strephon may boast of Beauty, and an Air;
But Strephon's Heart was never so sincere,
Jovis excels in Lustre of the Mind,
But is not half so beautiful and kind.
One Shepherd wants his quick engaging Wit,
Another knows not how to manage it.
This Swain has got a Genius, but so dull
Are all his Airs, he seems to want a Soul.
That, makes a Show of Learning and good Sense,
But is a Stranger to his Eloquence.
Show me a Form so lovely and so fine,
A Mind so bright, so honest, so divine!
Yet whether now are all his Graces fled?
Down to the dark, the melancholy Shade.
Help me, ye Nymphs and Shepherds to deplore
The young, the dear ADONIS, now no more.

How can I call his Image back again,
And not be rack'd with a tormenting Pain?
Can I with sweet Composure in my Mind,
Think how belov'd he was, and how obliging kind?
Ah! how I'm pain'd to think how well he lov'd,
How virtuous, constant, and intense he prov'd?
How, when our Hopes were at their pleasing Height,
At once they sunk beneath Death's heavy Weight?
Help me, ye Nymphs and Shepherds to deplore
The young, my dear ADONIS now no more.

In desert Shades, which Furies still frequent,
Where ghostly Spectres pitch their dreary Tent,
Where

Where rav'nous Beasts and Birds of Prey abound,
 And rugged Stones o'erspread the desert Ground,
 Where Mountains veil'd with everlasting Snow
 And aged Oaks with hoary Burdens bow,
 Where dreadful Waters roll with hideous Force,
 And down the Cliffs precipitate their Course,
 Where nauseous Smells and sulphurous Vapours rise,
 Where mournful Groans are heard and horrid crys,
 Where ruin'd Walls, o'ergrown with Hemlock, stand
 And cast their frightful Shadows o'er the Land,
 Where mouldring Bones and Skeletons are spread,
 And Rubbish loosely in the Entries laid,
 For ever I cou'd, like an Exile, lye
 And know no End of Mourning till I dye,
 If all my Pains cou'd ransom from the Grave
 So dear a Shepherd, and my Joys retrieve.
 But cruel Death would shut his deafned Ears,
 Scorn all my Grief, and disregard my Pray'rs.
 Yet shall I never ancient Love forget,
 Nor be unto his Memory ingrate.
 Unhallow'd Swains shall never taste the Bliss
 Design'd for him, and, had he liv'd, been his.
 Oft o'er his Urn my pious Tears I'll shed,
 And mix my Ashes in it, when I'm dead.
 Mean while, upon his Monument, I'll raise,
 This just Inscription to his living Praise.

While loving, loved CHLORIS was my Bride.

Mature for Heaven, in Bloom of Life, I dy'd.

H.

T O

TO THE
COUNTESS of ———

CONCERNING THE
Present State of LOVE and POETRY.

By a Member of the FAIR INTLLECTUAL CLUB.

TO thee, *Orinda*, I may safely send
These Lines, the secret Failing of your Friend.

There was, alas! there was a happy Time,
When Poetry and Love were thought no Crime.
From Heav'n, where all Perfection is, they came,
And long on Earth maintain'd an honest Name.
No mungrel Poet ventur'd to rehearse
And plague Mankind with his infectious Verse.
No guilty Lover in the World was known,
That felt a Warmth he was ashamed to own;
Like Nature's self, in pure untainted Joys,
Their Lives were spent; till, fond of idle Toys,
In later Ages, Men debauch'd with Ease,
Grew witty, proud, and brake the golden Peace.
Tyrants in Learning, Law, and Love came in,
And the whole World was delug'd o're with Sin.
Poets and Lovers, hard'n'd in Offence,

H.
TO Improv'd their Wandrings from the Rules of Sense.
Forgetful

Forgetful of their Birth and heav'nly Race,
Both, by Degrees, their noble Gifts debase.
Each, in false Colours, decks delusive Vice,
Looses his Vertue, to be thought more wise.
Servants to prompting Luxury and Pride,
They fondly rove upon the wicked Side
And Natures chaste, unerring Laws deride.

But, whence doth all this Depravation flow ?
Are there no Causes that produce it now ?
Yes,— tho' Corruption spreads it self abroad,
And all Flesh wanders from the Ways of God,
Tho' carnal Nature is the Spring from whence
These great Abuses teemingly commence,
Yet while such Locks and Iron Bars controul
Our freeborn Wills, and prison up the Soul ;
While hangmen Criticks tolerated are
To bound the Poets, who are free as Air ;
And while poor Maids by Parents are confin'd,
Condem'd to hide the Longings of their Mind,
And forc'd to fly the Persons who can ease
Their restless Thoughts, and cure their fond Disease ;
No Wonder then that both their Rights assert,
And, in the Struggle, from their Reason start ;
For all Mankind are naturally bent
To break rough Laws, and baulk the Government.



A

H Y M N to P H O E B U S,

ON NEW-YEAR'S-DAY, 1718.

By a young Gentleman in the University.

I.

BRIGHT *Phæbus*, Ruler of the Day,
Begin another Year,
Drive fullen Shades of Night away,
And nought but Happiness display
In all thy great Career.

II.

Auspicious smile with Splendor now,
Thro' Clouds and Tempests shine,
Make ev'ry Minute smoothly flow,
Let *British* Isles thy Influence know
And own thy Pow'r divine.

III.

While from thy Orb thou look'st around
On Nations here below,
Acknowledge none so much renown'd
For Liberty and Right are found,
Which in Conjunction grow.

IV. And

IV.

And, in thy radiant Journey, own
That here thou sawest a King,
The best that ever blest a Throne,
Since first thy genial Heat was known,
Or Bards began to sing.

V.

So may the Year this Day doth lead
Be termed good and great,
As thou on GEORGE'S Royal Head,
Celestial Gifts, like Beams, dost shed,
And still confirm his Quiet.

VI.

With Spoils of War and Wealth of Peace
Support his sacred Throne,
Crown all his Projects with Success
And long his happy Days increase,
As thou hast well begun.

VII.

Aw'd by his Fame, may Nations send
Their Envoys from afar,
To Court the Love of such a Friend,
On whom both War and Peace depend,
Whom Angels guard with Care.

VIII. Ma

VIII.

Make Rebels that refuse his Sway
Repent their cursed Crime,
And humbly hasten to obey,
Confess their Phrenzy, Tribute pay,
And be govern'd by him.

IX.

Own next, O *Phæbus*, thou hast seen
A Prince of Royal Blood,
A Princess born to be a Queen,
Whose Equal *Jove* did ne'er ordain,
At once so Great and Good.

X.

From fairest Years and happy Stores
Of Time, that swift doth run,
Collect the most propitious Hours,
And pour them on this Prince of ours
So worthy of a Crown.

XI.

On WILIELMINA's sacred Head
Eternal Sweets dispense ;
Such Beauty Europe never bred,
Nor e'er adorn'd a Royal Bed,
Or ever shall from hence.

XII. Fair

XII.

Fair as her lovely sparkling Eyes.
Which all Beholders move,
In Glory, *Phabus*, now arise,
Own, here she shines to your Surprise,
As bright as thou above.

XIII.

O God of Verse, and God of Days,
Let all thy Sons adorn
The Royal Tribe in heav'nly Lays,
And hand their Merits and their Praise
To Children yet unborn.

XIV.

Eternal Structures on the Theme,
May future Muses rear,
While we at present sound their Fame,
The Subject with Delight proclaim,
Nor scanty Matter fear.

XV.

We never can exhaust the Store
Of such a Loyal Song
Till thou, O *Phabus*, loose thy Pow'r,
Forget thy Lyre, and Shine no more
The heav'nly Thrones among.



O F

A COUNTRY LIFE.

James Thomson
By a STUDENT in the UNIVERSITY.

I Hate the Clamours of the smoaky Towns,
But much admire the Bliss of rural Clowns;
Where some Remains of Innocence appear,
Where no rude Noise insults the list'ning Ear;
Nought but soft Zephyrs whisp'ring thro' the Trees,
Or the still Humming of the painful Bees;
The gentle Murmurs of a purling Rill,
Or the unweary'd chirping of the Drill;
The charming Harmony of warbling Birds,
Or hollow Lowings of the grazing Herds;
The murm'ring Stock-Doves melancholly Coo
When they their loved Mates lament or woo;
The pleasing Bleatings of the tender Lambs,
Or the indistinct mum'ling of their Dames;
The musical Discord of chiding Hounds,
Thereto the echoing Hill or Rock resounds;
The rural mournful Songs of love-sick Swains,
Whereby they sooth their raging am'rous Pains;
Or the whistling Musick of the lagging Plough,
Which does the Strength of drooping Beasts renew.

N

And

And as the Country rings with pleasant Sounds,
So with delightful Prospects it abounds :
Thro' ev'ry Season of the sliding Year,
Unto the ravish'd Sight new Scenes appear.

In the sweet Spring the Suns prolifick Ray
Does painted Flow'rs to the mild Air display ;
Then op'ning Buds, then tender Herbs are seen,
And the bare Fields are all array'd in Green.

In rip'ning Summer, the full loaden Vales
Gives Prospect of Imployment for the Flails,
Each Breath of Wind the bearded Groves makes bend,
Which seems the fatal Sickle to portend.

In *Autumn*, that repays the Lab'rrers Pains,
Reapers sweep down the Honours of the Plains.

Anon black Winter from the frozen North
Its Treasuries of Snow and Hail pours forth ;
Then stormy Winds blow thro' the hazy Sky,
In Desolation Nature seems to ly.
The unstain'd Snow from the full Clouds descends,
Whose sparkling Lustre open Eyes offends.
In Maiden-white the glit'ring Fields do shine,
Then bleating Flocks for want of Food repine,
With wither'd Eyes they see all Snow around,
And with their Fore-feet paw and scrap the Ground
They chearfully do crop th' insipid Grass ;
The Shepherds, sighing, cry, Alas ! alas !

Then pinching Want the wildest Beast does tame.
Then Huntsmen on the Snow do trace their Game,
Keen Frost then turns the liquid Lakes to Glass,
Arrests the dancing Riv'lets as they pass.

How sweet and innocent are Country Sports,
And, as Mens Tempers, various are their Sorts.

You on the Banks of soft meand'ring *Tweed*
May in your Toils ensnare the wat'ry Breed,
And nicely lead the artificial Flee,
Which, when the nimble watchful Trout does see,
He at the bearded Hook will briskly spring,
Then in that instant twieth your hairy String,
And when he's hook'd, you with a constant Hand,
May draw him struggling to the fatal Land.

Then at fit Seasons you may cloath your Hook
With a sweet Bait drest by a faithless Cook,
The greedy Pike darts to't with eager Haste,
And being struck, in vain he flies at last,
He rages, storms and flounces thro' the Stream,
But all alas ! his Life cannot redeem.

At other Times you may pursue the Chase,
And hunt the nimble Hare from Place to Place ;
See when the Dog is just upon the Grip,
Out at a Side she'll make a handsome Skip,
And ere he can divert his furious Course
He, far before him, scours with all her Force,

She'll shift, and many times run the same Ground ;
At last, outwearied by the stronger Hound,
She falls a Sacrifice unto his Hate,
And with sad piteous Screams laments her Fate.

See how the Hawk doth take his tow'ring Flight,
And in his Course outflies our very Sight,
Beats down the flut'ring Fowl with all his Might.

See how the wary Gunner casts about
Watching the fittest Posture when to shoot,
Quick, as the fatal Light'ning blasts the Oak,
He gives the springing Fowl a sudden Stroak,
He pours upon't a Show'r of mortal Lead,
And ere the Noise is heard the Fowl is dead.

Sometimes he spreads his hidden subtle Snare,
Of which th' intangl'd Fowl was not aware,
Thro' pathless Wastes he doth pursue his Sport
Where nought but Moor-Fowl and wild Beasts resort.

When the Noon-Sun directly darts his Beams
Upon your giddy Heads, with fiery Gleams,
Then you may bathe your self in cooling Streams.
Or to the sweet adjoining Grove retire
Where Trees with interwoven Boughs conspire
To form a grateful Shade—their rural Swains
Do tune their Oaten Reeds to rural Strains.
The silent Birds sit list'ning on the Sprays,
And in soft charming Notes do imitate their Lays.

There

There you may stretch your self upon the Grass,
And lull'd with Musick to kind Slumbers pass;
No meagre Cares your Fancy will distract,
And on that Scene no tragick Fears will act,
Save the dear Image of a charming She,
Nought will the Object of your Vision be.

Away the vicious Pleasures of the Town,
Let empty partial Fortune on me frown;
But grant, ye Pow'rs, that it may be my Lot
To live in Peace from noisy Towns remote.

T.



U P O N
H A P P I N E S S.

By the same Hand.

WARN'D by the Summer-Suns meridian Ray
As underneath a spreading Oak I lay
Contemplating the mighty Load of Wo,
In search of Bliss that Mortals undergo,
Who, while they think they Happiness enjoy,
Embrace a Curse wrapt in delusive Joy,
I reason'd thus: Since the Creator GOD
Who in eternal Love makes his Abode,

Hath blended with the Essence of the Soul
An Appetite as fixed as the Pole,
That's always eager in Pursuit of Bliss,
And always veering 'till it point to this,
There is some Object adequate to fill
This boundless Wish of our extended Will.
Now while my Thought round Nature's Circle runs
(A bolder Journey than the furious Sun's)
This chief and satiating Good to find
Th' attracting Centre of the humane Mind,
My Ears they deafen'd to my swimming Eyes,
His magick Wand the drowsy God applies,
Bound all my Senses in a silken Sleep
While mimic Fancy did her Vigils keep;
Yet still methinks some condescending Pow'r
Rang'd the Ideas in my Mind that Hour.

Methought I wand'ring was, with thousands more,
Beneath an high prodigious Hill, before
Above the Clouds, whose tow'ring Summit rose
With utmost Labour, only gain'd by those
Who grov'ling Prejudices threw away,
And with incessant Straining climb'd their Way,
Where all who stood their failing Breath to gain,
With head-long Ruin tumbled down again.
This Mountain is thro' ev'ry Nation fam'd,
And, as I learned, CONTEMPLATION nam'd.
O happy me! when I had reach'd its Top
Unto my Sight a boundless Scene did ope.

First, sadly I survey'd with downward Eye,
Of restless Men below the busy fry,
Who hunted Trifles in an endless Maze,
Like foolish Boys on sunny Summer-Days,
Pursuing Butter-flies with all their Might,
Who can't their Troubles in the Chase requite.
The painted Insect, he who most admires,
Grieves most when it in his rude Hand expires;
Or should it live with endless Fears is toss'd,
Lest it take Wing and be for ever lost.

Some Men I saw their utmost Art employ
How to attain a false deceitful Joy,
Which from afar conspicuously did blaze,
And at a Distance fix'd their ravish'd Gaze,
But nigh at Hand it mock'd their fond Embrace.
When lo! again it flash'd in their Eyes,
But still as they drew near, the fond Illusion dies.
Just so I've seen a Water-Dog pursue
An unflown Duck within his greedy View,
When he has, panting, at his Prey arriv'd,
The Coxcomb fooling—suddenly it div'd,
He, gripping, is almost with Water choak'd,
And grieves that all his tow'ring Hopes are mock'd;
Then it emerges, he renews his Toil,
And o'er and o'er again he gets the Foil.
Yea all the Joys beneath the conscious Sun,
And softer ones that his Inspection shun,
Much of their Pleasures in Fruition fade.
Enjoyment o'er them throws a sullen Shade.

The

The Reason is, we promise vaster Things
 And sweeter Joys then from their Nature springs:
 When they are lost, we weep th' apparent Bliss,
 And not what really in Fruition is;
 So that our Grievs are greater than our Joys,
 And real Pain springs from fantastick Toys.

Tho' all terrene Delights of Men below
 Are almost nothing but a glaring Show;
 Yet if there always were a Virgin Joy
 When t'other fades to sooth the wanton Boy,
 He somewhat might excuse his heedless Course,
 Some Shew of Reason for the same enforce;
 But frugal Nature wisely does deny
 To Mankind such profuse Variety,
 Has what is needful only to us giv'n
 To feed and chear us in the Way to Heav'n,
 And more would but the Traveller delay,
 Impede and clog him in his upward Way.



I from the Mount all mortal Pleasures saw
 Themselves within a narrow Compass draw:
 The *Libertine* a nauseous Circle run,
 And dully acted what he'd often done.
 Just so when *Luna* darts her Silver Ray,
 And pours on silent Earth a paler Day;
 From *Strygian* Caves the flitting Fairies scud,
 And on the Margent of some limpid Flood,
 Which by reflected Moon-Light darts a Glance,
 In Mid-night Circles range themselves and dance.

To Morrow, crys he, will us entertain :
Pray what's to Morrow but to Day again ?
Deluded Youth no more the Chase pursue,
So oft deceiv'd, no more the Toil renew.
But in a constant and a fix'd Design
Of acting well, there is a lasting Mine
Of solid Satisfaction, purest Joy,
For Vertue's Pleasures never never cloy :
Then hither come, climb up the steep Ascent,
Your painful Labour you will ne'er repent,
From Heav'n it self here you're but one remove,
Here's the *Preludium* of the Joys above,
Here you'll behold the awful God-head shine,
And all Perfections in the same combine;
You'll see that GOD who, by his pow'ful Call,
From empty Nothing drew this spacious All,
Made beauteous Order the rude Mass controul,
And ev'ry Part subservient to the Whole ;
Here you'll behold upon the fatal Tree
The GOD of Nature bleed, expire and die
For such as 'gainst his holy Laws rebel,
And such as bid Defiance to his Hell.
Thro' the dark Gulph, here you may clearly pry
Twixt narrow Time, and vast Eternity.
Behold the GOD-HEAD just, as well as good,
And Vengeance pour'd on Trampers on his Blood ;
But all the Tears wip'd from his Peoples Eyes,
And, for their Entrance, cleave the parting Skies.
Then sure you will with holy Ardours burn,
And to seraphick Heats your Passion turn :

Then

Then in your Eyes all Mortal fair will fade,
Of his immortal Beauties but the Shade,
Your self to him you'll solemnly devote,
To him, without whose Providence you're not,
You'll of his Service relish the Delight,
And to his Praises all your Pow'rs excite,
You'll celebrate his Name in heav'nly Sound,
Which well pleas'd Skies in Echoes will rebound,
This is the greatest Happiness that can
Possessed be in this shore Life by Man.

But darkly here the GOD-HEAD we survey,
Confin'd and cramped in this Cage of Clay.
What cruel Bands are those to Earth that ties
Our Souls from soaring to their native Skies?
Upon the bright eternal Face to gaze,
And there drink in the beatifick Rays:
There to behold the good One and the Fair,
A Ray from whom all mortal Beauties are?
In beauteous Nature all the Harmony
Is but the Echo of the Deity,
Of all Perfection who the Centre is,
And boundless Ocean of untainted Bliss,
For ever open to the ravish'd View,
And full Enjoyment of the radiant Crew
Who live in Raptures of eternal Joy,
Who's flaming Love, their tuneful Harps employ
In solemn Hymns JEHOVAH's Praise to sing,
And make all Heav'n with *Hallelujahs* ring.

These Realms of Light no further I'll explore,
And in these Heights I will no longer soar :
Not like our grosser *Atmosphere* beneath,
The *Æther* here's too thin for me to breathe.
The Region is unsufferable bright
And flashes on me with too strong a Light.
Then from the Mountain, lo ! I now descend,
And to my Vision put an hasty End.

T.



V E R S E S

On receiving a *Flower* from his MISTRESS.

By the same Hand.

MADAM, the Flow'r that I receiv'd from you,
Ere I came Home, had lost its lovely Hue.
As Corns deprived of the genial Day,
Its sprightly Bloom did wither and decay.
Poor, fading Flow'r, I know full well, said I,
The Reason why you shed your Sweets and die ;
You want the Influence of her enliv'ning Eye.
The Cause is mine——Absence, that Plague of Love !
With heavy Pace makes ev'ry Minute move :

It

It of my Being is an empty Blank,
 And hinders me my self with Men to rank :
 Your cheering Presence quickneth me again,
 And new-sprung Life exults in ev'ry Vein.



HORACE, Book I. Ode xiii.

By Mr. JAMES ARBUCKLE.

THE MOUNTAIN of the *Delphian* God
 You see is wrapt in Sheets of Snow ;
 The Trees, sustaining scarce their Load,
 Their hoary Heads dejected bow ;
 And, glew'd with Ice unto the Shore,
 The active Streams can roll no more.

With rousing Fires the Cold destroy,
 And set about the flowing Bowl ;
 Bleed e'ery Grape to give us Joy,
 To cherish and exalt the Soul.
 Hereafter to the Gods resign ;
 Be theirs the Care, Enjoyment thine.

To them this Earth, their Foot-ball leave
 To kick and tumble as they please ;
 From them the Storms Permission have
 To box about the tasty Seas ;
 Yet, still subjected to their Will,
 If they but nod, are hush and still.

To Morrow, and its Cares despise ;
The present Moment is thine own ;
Then snatch it quickly ere it flies,
And score it up as clearly won ;
For scruple to indulge the Fire
Of youthful Love, and gay Desire.

Old Age will quickly pall the Taste,
And blunt the Edge of sprightly Joys,
With dozing Sadness fill the Breast,
And give no Relish but for Toys.
Youth is alone the Time can prove
Delights of Exercise, or Love.

The gentle Talk, the soft Embrace
In some retir'd, and dusky Shade ;
The feigning hidden Maid to trace,
By her own treach'rous Sneer betray'd ;
These thy Care, thy Business still ;
Such Pleasures Youth alone can feel.

And when with struggling in your Arms,
The leering little roguish Thing
Rous'd, and flushing all with Charms,
Secure her Hand, and snatch her Ring ;
When all her Frowns are but a Blind ;
'Tis Pledge enough that she'll be kind.



ODE xxvii.

By the same Hand.

LET rugged *Thracians*, savage Souls,
Fight and dispute o'er friendly Bowls;
Let us those barb'rous Manners fly,
And spend the Night in peaceful Joy.
Lest honest *Bacchus* should be scar'd,
Be Blood and Batt'ry quite debar'd,
And far remov'd the Spear and Sword
From Claret, and the mirthful Board.
For ill such Weapons are besitting
So jovial and so kind a Meeting.
Let therefore no Contests be here,
But all conspire t' improve good Chear,
And loll along the Couch supine,
Lost in the Charms of Love and Wine.
But now before I touch the Glas,
Or let a single Bumper pass,
Migilla's Brother must impart
The lovely Mistress of his Heart,
To whom he Homage pays, and lies
The willing Conquest of her Eyes.
What! does the bashful Rogue deny?
Then if I pledge him, let me die.
Whoe'er she be, a gen'rous Flame,
As thine is doubtless, knows no Shame.

She must be lovely could subdue
 A Youth so delicate as you.
 Then freely lay thy Bosom bare ;
 Since all such Trusts are sacred here ;
 And this of thine, by *Jove* shall be
 A Law of Silence still to me.—
 She? Heav'ns! my Boy, how I regret
 So cruel and unjust—thy Fate!
 Ah into what a vast Abyss
 Of Woe you plunge in Search of Bliss?
 What Witch with all her magick Charms
 Shall free thee from the Coquets Arms,
 From the dire Influence of whose Eye
 Scarce *Pegasus* can with thee fly,
 And set thee safe at Liberty?

{
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 {



ODE iv. BOOK II.

By the same Hand.

DEAR *Phoebus*, since in Love we see,
 As Nature, all must equal be,
 Let no false Sense of Shame suppress
 A gen'rous Love, or make it less ;
 Nor think unworthy of the Brave
 The Wounds imparted by a Slave.
 A Slave could fierce *Achilles* move,
 And bend the haughty Soul to Love.

And

And stubborn *Ajax*, great in Arms,
Was conquer'd by a Captive's Charms,
Amidst the Triumph and the Joy
For *Hector* slain, and burning *Troy*,
After a ten Years ling'ring Stay
Become at Length the *Grecians* Prey,
Vanquish'd by a fair Captive's Eyes,
The Victor *Agamemnon* dies,
And at her Feet the weeping Maid
The lawrel'd Chief sees suppliant laid.
How know you too but *Chloe's* Birth
May merit you with all your Worth,
And with new Dignity impress
The fairest Honours you possess?
For sure that fine that lovely Face
Bespeaks no mean *Plebian* Race.
Nor can those Tears that grace her Eyes,
Take from a common Cause their Rise,
But from some nobler Sorrow stream,
And Loss of Royal Kin proclaim;
Such Grandeur of Distress they show
Such solemn and majestic Woe.
Oh think not such a charming she
Can of the sordid *Vulgar* be,
Or so divine a Thing take Birth
From common prostituted Earth,
Who with such Firmness could disdain
The dazling Blandishments of Gain.
Yet, after all, believe me, Friend,
I do no more than just commend

Her noble Air, and polish'd Arms,
And all her youthful Bloom of Charms,
Then be not jealous; for you know
I'm past such Wagg'ries long ago,
My Blood grown languishing and old,
And froze with forty Winters cold.

ODE xxix. BOOK III.

By the same Hand.

GREAT Off-spring of the *Tyrrhen* Kings,
Thy *Horace* keeps for thee in Store
What, wanting thee, no Pleasure brings,
A Cask of Wine ne'er pierc'd before,
With Roses to adorn thy Brow,
And mix the Lustre it shall show.

Why should you still on *Tyber* gaze,
Or *Anio* rolling down the Steep?
Will no Place but *Frescati* please,
And elsewhere you no Revels keep?
Can such narrow Bounds confine
Soul so free and large as thine?

Then haste, and to be truly Great,
The great Ones nauseous Plenty fly,
And from thy stately House retreat
Whose haughty Roof invades the Sky;

O

And

210 *The Edinburgh Miscellany:*

And with a vertuous Scorn look down
On the vain, giddy, noisy Town.

Oft-times the Great have thus retir'd
 To breath a free and purer Air,
A Shepherd's cleanly Cell admir'd,
 And sweetly fed on homely Fare:
Oft thus have smooth'd, and softned been
The gather'd Brow, and bursting Spleen.

Lo now, while *Sol's* enliv'ning Beams
 Play warmly on the flow'ry Meads,
The Swain conducts to cooling Streams
 His Flocks, and seeks the *Sylvan* Shades;
Silent the Brook its Borders laves,
Nor curls one Breath of Wind the Waves:

While you with restless Care attend
 The Peace and Settlement of *Rome*,
Intent what foreign Wars impend,
 Or secret Mischief's Brood at Home;
And your own Quiet all forego,
To watch the Motions of the Foe.

But know, a wiser Providence
 Hath hid in Clouds of endless Night,
Impervious to the strongest Sense,
 Things future from weak Mortals Sight,

And laughs to see them vainly try
The Depth of vast Eternity.

Snatch at the Joys the present Hour,
The passing Instant now bestows,
The rest is all beyond our Pow'r,
And like the fickle *Tyber* flows,
That now beneath its Banks subsides,
And gently to the Ocean glides ;

Anon with dreadful Noise and Roar
Impetuous Rolls a broken Flood,
Augmented with the mould'ring Shoar,
And Ruins of the neighb'ring Wood ;
And headlong rushing, sweeps away
Flocks, and their Folds into the Sea.

He Master is of Life alone,
And happy Lives, that thus can say
Each Night ; to Day has been my own,
“ And I have clearly liv'd to Day :
“ Be then to Morrow foul or fair,
“ 'Tis all a Case ; that's not my Care.

“ What's past has certainly been mine,
“ Not Fate it self can make it void,
“ Nor Pow'rs, should all the Pow'rs combine,
“ Revoke the Goods I have enjoy'd :
“ Nought can prevent the acted Scene ;
“ What has been, spite of *Jove*, has been.

A perfect Jilt this Fortune is,
And blind, but obstinately blind
Still playing Bo-peep with her Blifs
To teaze and torture poor Mankind,
And idly whiffing thro' the Air
Her empty Bubbles here and there.

I like her while with me she stays,
But soon as e'er she takes the Wing,
Let Fools pursue her, if they please,
Her Favours back again I fling ;
Then take to vertuous Poverty ;
A Spouse with whom I can live free.

I'll never be her passive Slave,
But all her Tyranny controul,
In conscious Innocence be brave,
And in my Vertue sheath my Soul,
Secure from Taint, or cank'ring Rust,
The Breath of Envy, or of Lust.

When Tempests toss the raging Floods,
I make no lamentable Pray'rs,
Nor strike a Bargain with the Gods
For future Vows, and present Tears,
To save my Wealth from adding more
To th' all devouring Ocean's Store.

Amidst the Storms I'll safely ride,
Supported by a steady Mind ;
My Bark shall stem the setting Tide,
And bear against each adverse Wind :
My Vertue shall make all serene,
Disperse the Storms, and calm the Main.



ODE vii. BOOK IV.

By the same Hand.

THE Snows are fled ; along the Plain
The Grass its flow'ry Mantle spreads :
The Trees a comely Load sustain,
And wave in Air their flowing Heads.

The Earth its gayest Robes puts on ;
The muddy Rivolets refine :
And silver'd with th' incumbent Sun,
The limpid Currents gayly shine.

The Graces feel th' indulgent Change,
And dance before the tuneful Swain ;
Along the Valley's naked Range,
And beautifie the painted Plain.

My Lord ; the swift revolving Year,
 The fleeting Seasons let us know
 There is no true Perfection here,
 No lasting Happiness below.

The Winter Storms, when Spring returns,
 To Zephyr's softer Whispers yield ;
 Spring's gaudy Dress the Summer burns,
 And loads with ripening Corn the Field.

With Apples crown'd, and yellow Sheaves,
 Fair Ceres then begins her Reign,
 But soon the Earth all naked leaves,
 And doleful Winter comes again.

Yet Time those daily Wastes repairs ;
 The Stars again restore the Spring,
 Produce new Seasons, and new Years,
 And move in an eternal Ring.

But more unhappy we become
 Mere Shadows, and to Atoms fly,
 Whene'er the Fates pronounce our Doom,
 And cruel Pluto bids us die.

Who knows if Heav'n another Day
 Will add to these already past,
 Or snatch us instantly away,
 And make the present Gasp our Last?

The Goods of Life then freely use,
And gratify a liberal Mind;
Thy greedy Heir shall ne'er abuse
A Wealth you cannot leave behind.

Once you have left your native Earth
To wander on the *Stygian* Shore,
The Honours of a noble Birth
Will plead in thy behalf no more.

No more, thy awful Doom once read,
Will then thy Eloquence prevail,
Nor ev'n thy Piety evade
A Sentence nothing can repeal.

Her chafteft Votary to save,
The chafteft Goddeſs ſtrives in vain,
Hid in the Dungeon of the Grave,
And bound with an eternal Chain.

Nor leſs in vain the gloomy Shades
Did *Theſeus* greatly bold, explore,
And ſupplicate the fatal Maids,
His dear *Firiſſous* to reſtore.





EPOD xvii.

By the same Hand.

'TWAS Night, the Sky serene and fair,
 And *Cynthia* shone divinely clear,
 While all around her Starry Train
 With Spangles fill'd the *Azure* Plain;
 When you, my false, ungrateful Fair,
 Did to your ravish'd Lover swear.
 Unmindful of almighty *Jove*,
 And all the righteous Pow'rs above,
 With flatt'ring Love, and melting Charms
 You grasp'd me in your trembling Arms,
 Clos'd as the Elm the circling Vines,
 Or round the Oak the Ivy twines,
 And in the Transports of that Hour
 Thus to the Gods perfidious swore.
 "Wolves shall no longer search their Prey,
 "Nor Storms infect the *British* Sea,
 "Light from the Sun no longer stream,
 "Then *Delia* meets thy mutual Flame.
 Ah! do not faithless Maid, expect,
 I'll pass unpunish'd thy Neglect,
 Or thou shalt still secure my Heart
 With fraudulent Vows, and guilty Art.

For if thy *Horace* only can
Be what the Gods decreed, a Man,
No more shall he consume and pine,
For prostituted Charms like thine ;
No more to Heav'n, and thee complain,
Nor call upon the Gods in vain,
When he some happier Youth shall see,
Tho' not more kind and true than he,
Enjoy those Nights of ardent Bliss,
Those Joys that should alone be his ;
But, like a Man, seek out the Maid,
By whom his Love shall be repaid.
And thou, my happy Rival, know,
Who now triumphest in my Woe,
Possessing all that Man can seek,
And panting on her glowing Cheek ;
Tho' thou art Chief among the Swains,
Or hadst vast Flocks, and fertile Plains,
And Floods, whose radiant Bosoms boast
Exhaustless Wealth, a Golden Coast :
Be you as ancient Sages wise,
And beautiful as Summer Skies,
Soon you the fickle Fair shall mourn,
And I insult you in my Turn.





PHILANDER.

A
PASTORAL

On the DEATH of

JAMES

DUKE of

HAMILTON.

CORIDON and MENALCAS.

CORIDON.

WHY all in Tears *Menalcas*?—Prithee tell :
Is your sweet *Amaryllis* kind and well?

MENALCAS.

My charming *Amaryllis* well! Heaven must
Protect the lovely Maid, if Heav'ns just.
While Fates all that is brave and great pursue,
'Tis hard the softer Sex shou'd suffer too.

My

My Fair is well, as yonder Heaven fair,
And true as Sighs of dying Lovers are.
Tis that alone supports my drooping Life;
Else I wou'd sink in an Abyfs of Grief.

C O R I N D A.

Are all thy Flocks entire then? Can such Woe
Proceed from losing of a Kid or two?

M E N A L C A S.

Perish my Flocks—They are no more my Care,
don't enquire, nor know I where they are:
Ah *Coridon*! Ah whither hast thou stray'd!
Or in what lonely Field dost thou reside?
That only you don't know *Philander's* dead,
While ev'ry Eye drops Tears and ev'ry Heart doth
(bleed.

" *I mourn Philander dead, tho' not o'ercome,*
" *But basely hurried to his silent Tomb.*

C O R I N D A.

Ah Woe! Eternal Woe!—and is he gone,
Our Hopes all baff'd, and our selves undone?
And is the best, the bravest of his Kind,
Reduc'd to Dust, and in an Urn confin'd?
Ah say *Menalcas*!—Dear *Menalcas*, tell,
What hard Fate the great *Philander* fell.

M E N -

M E N A L C A S.

'Twixt him and *Damon*, as the Story goes,
 A hot Debate about a Field arose :
Philander nor with Hopes nor Fears misled,
 His better Claim with mildest Reason pled :
 While jealous *Damon* with Distrust betray'd,
 To feed his Rage mistook whate'er he said.
Philander trusting to his rightful Cause,
 Submits the Plea unto our Rural Laws.
 But wicked *Thyrsis* who had always stood
 A mortal Foe to all that's just and good :
Thyrsis that Wretch, the Author of our Woes,
 From whose curst Counsel our Misfortune flows,
 Basely prevails on *Damon* to rely
 On Force : And brave *Philander* to defy.
 In vain *Philander* first declines in Fight,
 To show his Skill, and Justice of his Right :
 Infatuate *Damon* still the Challenge sent,
 'Till he provokt the peaceful Swains Consent.
 Both knew to fight, but neither knew to yield :
 Both go with equal Heat unto the Field :
Damon at last receives a fatal Wound :
 He reels in Death and tumbles on the Ground.
 With gen'rous Haste *Philander* runs to stay
 His dizzy Foe before he faints away.
 Mean while false *Thyrsis* aims a cowardly Blow,
 That unexpected kills *Philander* thro' !

" *I mourn Philander dead tho' not o'ercome,*

" *But basely hurried to his silent Tomb.*

Philander leads

Philander was the Glory of our Plains ;
The first and best of all our happy Swains :
Happy whilst thro' these Fields his Flocks he drove,
And sung of *Ceres* Goodness, *Sylvia's* Love.
Twas then our Swains liv'd all in full Delight,
In Mirth by Day, in soft Repose by Night,
With no Misfortune prest, of none afraid
For *Ceres* heard whene'er *Philander* pray'd.

" *I mourn Philander dead, tho' not o'ercome ;*

" *But basely hurried to his silent Tomb.*

What Joy fill'd every Nymph, and every Swain !
What chearful Shouts rung thro' the flow'ry Plain !

When *Ceres* gave *Philander* her Commands
Concerning Her's and great *Apollo's* Lands ?

What vast Advantages did we propose,
Which now by his untimely Fall we lose !

For whatsoe'er he ask'd he sure wou'd gain,
Since good *Philander* ne'er did plead in vain.

Our Flocks wou'd then in distant Pastures roam
And feed abroad as safely as at Home.

Then we thro' all these charming Fields shou'd rove
So famous for the great *Apollo's* Love.

" *I mourn Philander dead, tho' not o'ercome ;*

" *But basely hurried to his silent Tomb.*

Oh ! never more shall we behold the Swain
Defend our Pastures and our Rights maintain.

No more shall we be charmed with his Song :

No more be pleas'd with his melodious Tongue :

While he with pointed Wit and solid Sense,

Philander leads 'gainst our Foes or stands in our Defence.

No

No more shall we behold that gallant Air,
 The Youth's Delight and Pleasure of the Fair :
 Ah no ! that lovely Person's Dust become ;
 And brave *Philander* moulders in a Tomb.

“ *Lament his Fall ye Nymphs, lament ye Swains*

“ *In mournful Notes and never dying Strains.*

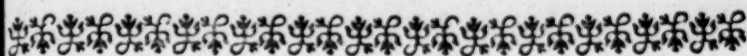
Nothing but Grief thro' all the Land is found,
 While groaning Ecchos doleful Cries resound.
 The Shepherds Moans their list'ning Flocks amaze
 Who struck with Wonder now forget to graze.
 The Signs of Woe the sighing Flowers array,
 Their Colours fail, their meeting Blooms decay :
 The Trees drop withered Leaves, their Blossoms fade
 All Nature mourns the brave *Philander* dead.
 The Sun no more of Light and Beauty proud.
 How pale and fainting Shrinks behind a Cloud,
 Wrapt in a Cloud, thinks Shame to bring the Day
 Or view our Sorrows with a smiling Ray.
 A sullen Damp does all the Land o'erspread
 While every Creature mourns *Philander* dead.

“ *Lament his Fall ye Nymphs, lament ye Swains*

“ *In mournful Notes, and never dying Strains.*

C O R I D O N.

But see *Menalcas*, see that glorious Sight,
 Which gilds the Heavens, fills our dazled Sight.
 Thus, as on Earth his Fame, *Philander's* Soul,
 With heav'nly Brightness shines from Pole to Pole.
 And he whose Blood a Russian's Malice shed
 As far as Heav'n above Mankind is fled.



A
PASTORAL,

Inscrib'd to Mr. M——l.

By a YOUTH in his Fifteenth Year.

D. Mallock

HOBBINOL, THENOT.

THE tender Muse but now reveal'd to Day
On rural Plains first trys her infant Lay :
Oh did *Menalcas* flame my Bosom-Fire
With Ardour equal to my fond Desire !
The listning Plains attentive to my Voice
In all their gayest Honours should rejoyce ;
Superior Lays even *Philomel* should own
Or with her sweetest Notes the Consort crown.
'Twas Night, and now the rapid Western Sun
His Length of Race impetuous had run
The Winds were hush'd, the Purple Skies serene,
And rose Dews bedeck'd the *Sylvan* Scene ;
When speeding homeward from the dusky Plains,
Advanc'd, with darkling Pace, two simple Swains.
Now blissful Ease smil'd on the happy Ground ;
Her golden Wings expanded all-around
With downy Rest the peaceful Shepherds crown'd :
All but poor *Hobbinol* ! his woful Breast
Beneath a Weight of Sorrows lay oppress.

The

The silent Vale resounds his murm'ring Sighs
 And struck with Sympathy each mournful Note replies
 Him, silent groaning out his mighty Pain,
 Address't in friendly Tears his fellow Swain.

T H E N O T.

Oh Swain some dreary Care I plainly see
 Conceal'd beneath that woful Melody,
 Ay me for *Hobbinol* the sweet and gay!
 Whose tuneful Pipe oft wak'd the lazy Day,
 Who crown'd with gladfom Lays the smiling Spring
 The joyful Day oft stay'd to hear him sing!
 But now alas! may unattentive go
 For ah the chearful Note is chang'd to Woe!
 Yet say, dear Hind, what racking Troubles seize
 Thy tuneful Breast and rob thy wonted Ease?
 For see in yonder Heav'n, remaining Light
 Yet golden Smiles and lengthens on the Night.

H O B B I N O L.

Ah me!—the grieved Swain began to say
 While equal Sighs kept Measure with his Lay:
 Ah welladay! my blissful Hours are gone
 And all my Mirth and all my Musick done.
 Until I knew her Face, devoid of Care,
 Fresh as the Spring I grew, and as the Morning fair
 With the sweet golden Dawn serene I rose
 And ply'd my chearful Pipe till Ev'ning close
 To every Scene of Love I took my Way
 And, sweetly singing, crown'd the smiling Day

But now no more those downy Sweets I boast
 To me the breathing Charms of Spring are lost,
 In vain the cooling Shade and fragrant Grove
 Invite me to their balmy Scenes of Love.
 From this unhappy Time and luckless Hour
 The Bush shall be my Bed, the Brake my Bow'r,
 My Limbs beneath some heavy Cliff I'll lay,
 And, inly Mourning, sigh my self away.
 Last Night when grateful Sleep had closed mine Eyes
 I saw a frightful Vision in this wise
 Methought I flew swift to a Meadow green,
 The sweetest Spot that e'er mine Eyes had seen.
 Here purple Flow'rs, the choicest of the Spring,
 On which soft Zephyre spreads his rosy Wing,
 Smil'd in their flow'ry Robes, and deckt the Ground
 With downy Sweets and laughing Pleasures crown'd.
 One Side was cover'd with a goodly Shade
 By swerving Vines and tow'ring Lindens made.
 To this gay Bow'r a blooming beauteous Maid
 Advanc'd, with Garlands green and Flow'rs array'd.
 Upon her Head she wore a Violet
 With Daffadils, and crimson Lillies set.
 Oh peerless Lass! adorn'd all bright and gay,
 Fair as the springing Flow'r in merry May,
 The red Rose meddled with the lightsom White,
 Their flow'ry Charms in her fair Cheeks unite,
 To frame her Eye-brows, and her twinkling Eyes
 More brighter far than Stars in yonder Skies.
 She came, but not alone, some happy Swain
 Led the fair Maid along the flow'ry Plain,

And safely shelter'd in the secret Shade.
His ardent Vows of Love to her he made ;
With jocund Ear she heard his plighted Vow,
And sweetly smil'd to find her Shepherd true ;
But ah alas !——it was the faithless Lass
Whilom I courted on the downy Grass.
To me she fondly plighted then her Troth,
And seal'd the fatal Promise with an Oath.
Sudden I waken'd with the dismal Sight
Nor clos'd mine Eyes again the live-long Night,
But with the rudy Dawn I left my Bed
And, sighing, to the lonely Cypress-Shade
My Footsteps bent ; where in the baleful Scene
No Bloom, the Hope of Spring, was ever seen,
No chearful Plants the dreary Bow'r adorn,
But noxious Hemlock and rough prickly Thorn—
Here wak'd with the approach of early Day,
A tuneful Lark salutes the Morning gray,
He strain'd his warbling Note so sweet and clear,
That all the dewy Fields rejoyc'd to hear,
But chiefly woo'd his coy disdainful Mate
That scornful, on a neighb'ring *Alder* fate,
But sullen still, the lordly Dame appear'd
When lo a mounting Lark aloft she heard,
Pleas'd on the Wing she soars, away they fly
And left the widow'd Bird alone to sigh :
At Length exhausted with the painful Woe
His tuneful Lays their wonted Charm forego,
In moody Sighs he groan'd away his Breath,
And, dropping from the Bough, expir'd in Death !

To weeping all I did my self resign :

How like the woful Case alas to mine ?

“ Thus he unfolds his Smart and raging Pain,

“ And had this Answer from his friendly Swain.

T H E N O T.

Oh hapless Boy, thy Voice and mournful Case

At once my Sorrows lessen and encrease.

My silent Breast is touch'd with equal Pain,

Yet ever could I hear thee thus complain.

So hastening often from the *Sylvan* Field

The charming *Philomel* have I beheld

In a cold Night, perch'd on the spreading Boughs,

Charm all the loving Shepherds with her Muse.

Let not a foolish Dream disturb thy Mind ;

And Dreams are often contrary we find.

To yonder starry Arch lift up thine Eye

And view those Fires that light the spangled Sky.

Oh beauteous Stars ! how beauteous then must he

That form'd your Spheres and sparkling Glories be ?

Let him, fair Boy, engross thy wounded Heart :

His bounteous Love will ease the raging Smart.

Oh ! let us only Love and still admire

The Pow'r that crown'd our Hearts with vital Fire !

To him from whose blest Hands all Blessings spring

The humble Tribute of our Praises bring

And sing his Name who gives us Flame to sing.

Above yon *Azure* Roof our Souls shall fly,

And soar at Length to Bliss triumphantly.

Oh blissful Change! for simple Swains to go
 Where evermore they're blest and free from Woe.
 Till then to dress the Glebe be all our Care,
 Wak'd with the chearful Birds, and Morning fair,
 To tend the wooly Breed, to pull the Vine
 And share the Blessings of our native Wine,
 Amid the flow'ry Fields serene to rove,
 Ranack the balmy Bow'r and breathing Grove,
 Thus with *Ambrosial* Sweets regale the Soul,
 And in a Tide of spotless Pleasures roul.
 To thee Creator boon, whose genial Hands
 Sends down thy choicest Blessings on our Lands,
 Let all our Fields with endless Praises sound,
 And all our Hills the grateful Lay rebound—
 But see while yet I speak, descending Night
 Gains on the Skies and banisheth the Light.





CHAPTER II.

O F

SOLOMON'S SONG.

By the same Hand.

I'M lovely as the Rose whose blushing Pride
Adorns with flow'ry Sweets fair *Sharon's* Side:
And as the Lilly glows with brighter Charms
When center'd in the Thorn's encircling Arms,
So shines my lovely Fair amid the Dames,
Flush'd with more sprightly and exalted Flames.
What blooming ruddy Charms combine to grace
The heavenly Maid, and beautify her Face!

B R I D E.

As Apple-Trees adorn the *Sylvan* Glade
By yielding choicest Fruit and cooling Shade,
With smiling Gold the nodding Branches crown,
Embibe the Sun and make his Rays their own,
While breathing Odours charm the distant Ground,
So is my Lord with freshest Glories crown'd.
Supine upon his snowy Breast I lay
And lost in Raptures all the smiling Day.

P 3

Then

Then to the Nuptial Chamber we remove,
 The Scene of chaste Delights and purest Love,
 Perpetual Fountain of domestick Sweets
 That with ten thousand Charms the Soul invites!
 But oh th' estatick Bliss! I faint, I die
 The balmy Scent of Apples now apply
 For sick of mighty Love, entranc'd I lie.
 Ye blooming Maids that grace fair *Salem's* Court,
 So may the nimble Hinds enhance your Sport,
 As you prolong his golden balmy Rest
 With all the Sweets of downy Pleasure blest.
 But hark the matchless Voice! 'tis he, my King
 Hark how the Plains and vocal Mountains ring.
 He flies exulting o'er the distant Plains,
 Impatient till his longing Bride he gains.

B R I D E G R O O M.

Arise, my brightest Fair, and come away,
 Behold the purple Beauties of the Day.
 Now the black Winter's gone, and chilling Rains
 No more in fluicy Sheets o'erwhelm the Plains,
 But gently in their winding Channels glide,
 Diffusing bloomy Life on every Side,
 Returning Spring smiles on the purple Scene
 And blends with rosy Gold the chearful Green.
 The sweet harmonious Tenants of the Sky
 Wak'd with the rosy Dawn tow'r up on high,
 Or in the secret Shade and breathing Grove
 Salute the Season, blissful Time of Love.

Now

Now the chaste Turtle Coos on every Tree,
And strains her tuneful Throat to welcome thee.
The Fig-trees all are cloth'd with chearful Green
And blushing Clusters on the Vine are seen,
While balmy Zephyre rifles all the Spring
With every breathing Odour on his Wing,
The fragrant Soul of vernal Flow'rs exhales,
And with *Ambrosial* Scents the flow'ry Scene regales.
Oh! fair and spotless as the Virgin Dove
(The Emblem both of Innocence and Love)
Immortal Charms thy sacred Face adorn
Gay as the Light, and soft as infant Morn,
See how the Hours their downy Wings display
And crown with rosy Light the smiling Day.
But oh the brighter Glories of thy Face
Shine forth with sweeter Charms and fairer Grace!

B R I D E.

My ruddy Spouse is mine, and I am his,
We'll feast on mutual and transporting Bliss.
The shining Youth crown'd with immortal Charms
Reclines amid the Lillies infant Arms.
From Flow'r to Flow'r with gay Delight he Roves,
Ranacks the painted Meads, and rosy Groves,
Until the purple Beauties of the Light
Unvail the dewy Scene abroad to Sight,
Do thou my best Belov'd our Joys extend,
And every Moment in fresh Blissess spend:
Like two young Roes on heavenly Love we'll feast,
And charm all anxious Cares and Thoughts to rest.

T H E



T H E

GROVE OR INTERVIEW.

By the same Hand.

YE Shades, and blisful Scenes of secret Love,
 Still thro' your visionary Maze I rove,
 Still view the chequer'd Gloom and artful Night,
 Invite by Turns, by Turns exclude the Light.
Ambrosial Scents regal'd the genial Scene,
 With fragrant Shrubs and balmy Eglantine.
 Here op'ning Flow'rs diffus'd on every Side,
 Call forth their Charms, and smile with wanton Pride.
 Lillies on Lillies, Sweets on Sweets arise,
 And all the Spring in gay Confusion lies.
 To this blest Seat of Love the heavenly Maid
 Approach'd, in all her dazling Charms array'd.
 Heaven what new Glories, what uncommon Light
 Improves the Gloom, and charms the ravish'd Sight!
 With brightest Pride, and blushing Rays she shone,
 And every scatter'd Grace was crowded into one.
 Enamour'd Gales enrich'd with breathing Flow'rs
 Fly from the chearful Fields, and fragrant Bow'rs
 To crow'd about her, and with soft Embrace
 Play in her swelling Breast and bloomy Face.

When

When she was born, around the smiling Maid
 Was all the flow'ry Spring at once display'd,
 With all the Charms of purple Youth she glows,
 Sweet as the golden Dawn and op'ning Rose.
 Not when descending Dews, and vernal Show'rs
 Supply the Fields and glad the drooping Flow'rs,
 Sweeter their tender infant Blooms unfold
 To charm the dazzled Eye with springing Gold.
 Crown'd with her shining Light the beauteous Scene
 Assum'd a brighter Dress and fresher Green.
 What melting Things she said, what Accents sweet
 Each Word with choicest balmy Charms replete!
 Thus on a Violet Bank that richly glows
 The Western, infant Breeze *Ambrosial* flows,
 And there both rises Odour, and bestows.
 Here spotless Love grac'd with his golden Dart
 On either Side transfix'd a Virgin Heart.
 Pure from infernal Lust or base Desire,
 For Heaven had kindled up the holy Fire,
 And to their native Clime our Flames aspire.
 The conscious Thickets and surrounding Groves
 Were witness to the Scene of blisful Loves,
 Now, blushing as the Morn, the rosy Maid,
 Can tell what soft endearing Things we said,
 Which from our Lips the crowding Gales convey'd;
 Upon their purple Wings they bore 'em thence,
 And to the Fields and Groves did those soft Sweets
 (disperse.

D. M.

David Malloch

O F



O F

A SWALLOW'S Nest.

By a LADY, in a Letter to her FRIEND.

TO thee, *Dear Friend*, I must impart
The cruel Sufferings of my Heart,
By Love or Fortune not oppress'd :
I mourn the Fall of *Swallow Nest*.

When savage Winter posts away
And softer Gales begin to play,
Then *Flora*, on her filken Wings,
Delight to Birds and Poets brings.
Scarce new-blown Buds the Meads renew
When they the pleasing Task pursue :
Apollo does their Song inspire ;
Apollo loves the warbling Quire.
He bids the Muses haunt their Throng
And clothe in Words their melting Song.
The Muses teach us to explain
The Language of the feather'd Train.

How happy I one Summer's Morn !
The Time when Dew salutes the Corn ;

While

While downy Slumbers seiz'd mine Eyes,
 A Swallow to my Window flies:
 Wak'd by her loud repeated Lay
 Which usher'd in the Dawn of Day,
 Advance sweet balmy Morn (she cry'd.)
 It comes apace, her Mate reply'd.
 Thro' yielding Air he took his Flight
 And fixed also in my Sight.
 Good Morrows o'er on either Side,
 Thus bowing low, he to his Bride,
 My lovely, pretty Charmer, say
 How we're to be employ'd to Day?
 Our jetty Neighbours now prepare
 To build their Nests with artful Care;
 With thee I'd Love such Toil to share.

3

Thus he—She, with a Smile, reply'd,
 Lo! here a Corner I have spy'd
 Where Sun-beams dance ere Heat of Day
 To harden well our moistned Clay.

3

Her Choice approv'd, away they flew—
 rose in haste the Place to view.
 scarce up, when she again appears,
 across her Bill a Straw she bears,
 With Clay wet in the Morning Tears.
 But spying me, her Load she dropt,
 Upon his Road her Mate she stopt,
 Away, she crys, for much I fear
 Our Building shall not prosper here,

While

“ I thro’

" I thro' the Glass such Sight did see,
 " Or you may look and credit me.

He flutt'ring then came straight away
 And to his Partner thus did say,
 " Dear Heart, there's nothing in her Face
 " Needs fright us from yon quiet Place :
 " She cherishes the winged Fray
 " And feeds young *Sparrows* ev'ry Day.

She thus appeas'd, they both make haste
 To win and bear their kneaded Paste.
 How chearfully their Nest they rais'd !
 At ev'ry Pause the other prais'd. *
 No more she fear'd when I drew nigh,
 Nor wou'd she at my Presence fly.
 " Build on, my pleasing Bird, I said :
 " I will indeed (she Answer made)
 " For now I know thou tak'st Delight
 " In Summer Joys, that charm the Sight ;
 " And now's the Season that we stay ;
 " Just by thee here I'll build and lay :
 " Our Young we'll trust unto thy Care,
 " When we abroad their Meat prepare.

How vain's our Bliss ! A new come Maid
 Has my poor Birds and me betray'd,
 Thrown down the Nest, ah ! my Heart's sore,
 And, Paper failing, I'll give o'er.

OVID's FABLE

O F

PYRAMUS *and* THISBE
TRANSLATED.

IN *Babylon* where Ramparts rose on high,
And tow'ring Brick-walls gain'd upon the Sky,
There liv'd a loving Pair in neigh'ring Rooms :
No Youth cou'd equal *Pyramus* in Blooms,
And *Thisbe* fair, of ev'ry Charm possesst,
Outshone the brightest Beauties of the East.
The two from Neighbourhood Acquaintance drew,
Till Love at Length from rip'ned Friendship grew.
They long in Wedlock's Ties their Loves to join.
But cruel Parents baulk the dear Design.
Yet what no Pow'r nor haughty Law controul;
In mutual Flames they burn away their Souls,
When unobserv'd their Hearts with Passion swell,
Looks, Sighs and Signs, their equal Fondness tell.
The more they labour to suppress the Fire,
The smother'd Flames, ascending, rage the higher.

In the Partition-wall a narrow Cleft,
[careless Craftsmen, unobserv'd was left,]

Their

Their Eyes first brought the hidden Flaw to Light
(What can escape a Lover's searching Sight)
Which in the Dark thro' many Ages lay,
And taught the Chink their Meaning to convey.
From Ear to Ear their silent Whispers went
While their soft Courtship pierc'd the friendly Vent
By Turns they tell the mutual Pangs they prove,
And safely suck the trackless Sound of Love.
While both impatient stand on different Sides
And blame the Wall that Lovers true divides.
Small were the Boon, they said, to give us Place
That we may fester in a sweet Embrace,
At least gape wide t' allow an hearty Kiss;
If that's too much, a thousand Thanks for this,
Grateful we are, because to thee we owe
This faint Delight and safe Conveyance now.

Thus they in vain consum'd the ling'ring Day,
And mourn'd when Night forbade a longer Stay.
Their Lips the Wall with tender Pressures load
Which thro' the Stones ne'er found their balmy Road.

Lost in the Morn when setting Stars withdrew,
And the warm Sun exhal'd the fallen Dew,
Th' impatient Pair their usual Stations take,
And long Complaints in gentle Whispers make;
By joint Concert, resolve to break the Ward,
And in the Shades elude their sleepy Guard,
And when the Danger of the Watch is past
To quit the Town, and take the Fields at last.

But to prevent their rambling in the Dark,
At *Ninus's* Tomb, a known and certain Mark,
They both agree to meet with one Consent,
And, cowering close, accomplish their Intent.
Beneath the Covert of a friendly Shade
By the tall *Mulb'ry's* bushy Branches spread;
Where ripen'd Fruits in Milk-white Clusters hing,
And gentle Rills glide from a bubling Spring.
Pleas'd with the Terms both wish the Light away,
And chide the Slowness of the lazy Day.

Coucht in the Deep the Sun in Slumbers lies,
And from the Deep the nightly Vapours rise.
Hid in the Night, fly *Thisbe* ope's the Gate,
Then flies unseen by Guards that on her wait.
Close in disguise a Vail throwds up her Face,
She soonest came to the assigned Place.
When Love gives Life ev'n Virgins bravely dare,
They boldly act and no Disasters fear.
But while glad *Thisbe* in the Arbour lay,
A Lion stain'd with Slaughter came that Way
In the cool Spring his raging Thirst to slake,
And as Fates will'd a tragick Field to make.
The Maid alarm'd with the portentuous Sight
Which she espy'd by the Moon's silver Light
To a dark Cave dispatcht her trembling Flight.
But dropt her Vail upon the dusky Plain
Whilst Fear forbad to snatch it up again.
When the wild Beast had with a lusty Draught
Sated her Thirst and wonted Forrest sought,

She

She found the Vail, a poor and lifeless Prize,
Tore it, and, roaring, Rent the distant Skies.

Late *Pyramus* appear'd with slower Hafts,
And finds the Travels of a rav'nous Beast
Left in plain Tracks upon the trodden Sands,
And at the Sight in pale Amazement stands.
But seeing the Robe in stained Pieces ly;
He said this Night shall both we Lovers dy,
Her Life at least deserv'd a longer Date,
I'll ne'er survive her sad untimely Fate.
My Life is forfeit for my Crime, my Guilt
Alas sweet Nymph ! thy hapless Blood I spilt,
Who bad thee wander to this fearful Place,
And came not first away all Ills to chase.
Ye Lions who this rocky Mountain scour,
At one wild Bite those impious Limbs devour,
In thousand Pieces tear this guilty Heart,
But thus to seek Death is a Coward's Part.

The Vail he gather'd all in Pieces spread
And brought it with him to th' appointed Shade,
Rivers of Tears down on the Vestment flew
While thousand Kises his pale Lips bestow :
At length he said my *Thisbe's* Blood you bear,
Let mine your Due in larger Strains appear,
Then drew the Sword he wore, his own to shed,
And in his Bosom lodg'd the fatal Blade.
Soon as his Heart the cutting Point had found
And glowing Steel pull'd from the reeking Wound,

The

The rushing Crimson spurts up to the Skies
While stretcht in Death the Youth supinely lies.
So bursts a conduit Pipe of faulty Lead
Th' imprison'd Stream spouts when the Breach is made,
A whizzing Riv'let with impetuous Force
Divides the Air in its ascending Course.

The Blood the Berries stains with purple Dew,
Which turns their Colour to a darker Hew,
Deludg'd in Gore the soaking Mulb'rys Root
Imparts a Tincture to the hanging Fruit.

Altho' the Lion made her much afraid,
*This*be fear'd more to be a perjur'd Maid.
Gazing, she longs to meet the Youth at last,
And burns to tell the dreadful Dangers past :
Still trembling to the tryfing Place she came,
And knew the Tomb and Arbour were the same,
But doubted much when she beheld the Hew
Of Fruits so quickly alter'd in her View.

While she perplexed stands and stares around
A trembling Body spurn'd the bloody Ground :
Frighted she starts, and in Amaze recoils,
A safron Pale her Cheeks Vermillion foils.
A shiv'ring Horror thro' her Vitals thrill'd,
Like ruffled Seas with rising Zephyrs fill'd.

When poring still, she learnt her Love's Mishap
Her harmless Hands found with a rueful Clap:

She beat her Breast and tore her flowing Hair,
 She graspt the Corse, and wailing rent the Air:
 Her briny Tears glide like a rushing Flood,
 Bath every Wound and mingle with the Blood:
 Round his cold Lips while her prest Kisses move
 What dire Mishap bereaves me of my Love
 " She cry'd,—Hark *Pyramus*, my Joy, my Dear,
 " Thy *Thisbe* calls, O lend a list'ning Ear,
 " Lift thy sunk Head and wake those sleeping Eyes,
 His Eye-Lids charm'd with *Thisbe's* Name arise
 And for his Love forget Death's Weight and Pain:
 He star'd her once and seal'd his Eyes again.

The Fair when she her bloated Vestment knew,
 And the void Scabbard struck her jealous View.
 Ah! Youth, she said, thy Rashness has thee lost;
 Love, fatal Love thy hapless Blood has cost:
 I too have Hands, and by these Hands shall bleed,
 Love strong as thine shall aid the Tragick Deed,
 Like thee I'll die, we'll share one common Fate,
 I caus'd thy Death, by Death I'll on thee wait;
 So you from me by Death shan't sever'd be,
 Whom only Death alas cou'd rend from me.
 Hear ye our Parents then a wretched Pair,
 And grant for once your Children's dying Pray'r,
 Nor let one Grave be to their Corse deny'd
 Who liv'd so faithful and like Lovers dy'd.
 And you O Tree who shades the hapless Slain,
 And in an Instant shades the lifeless twain,
 In fatal Marks our Blood for e'er retain.

Black be thy Fruit the mournful Fact to tell
How in one Night, and by one Sword we fell.

Thus said, she seiz'd the Blade with manly Haste,
And to her Breast the yet warm Point she plac't,
Then thro' her Heart the Wound directed prest :
Both Gods and Parents hear'd their last Request.
For a black Hue the ripened Berry stains,
And in one Urn still keep their mixt Remains.

B.



A N

ALLUSION

TO THE

Fifth ODE of *Horace* BOOK I.

By Mr. C—m—t—n.

I.

WHAT tender Youth on Bed of Roses,
Celia in his Arms encloses ;
Golden *Tresses* round her flying,
On her Breast's the Graces lying,
Gods ! such Charms wou'd make a *Jove*
Leave a vacant Throne above.

Q 2

No

II.

No artful Charms the Fair surround,
 In Nature's self alone she's found :
 But O ! how will the Lover grieve
 When he finds *celia* can deceive ?
 Ye Gods ! how will he curse his Fate
 And wish in vain when 'tis too late ?

III.

Amaz'd he'll stand to see the Face,
 Which but a While was full of Grace,
 Cover'd with Storms : Just as the Tide
 Which foaming Billows swell with Pride.
 Great Gods ! now help if e'er you will
 Since cruel *celia* loves to kill.

IV.

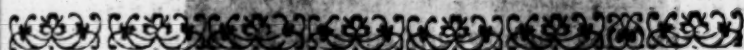
O ! who wou'd think this lovely Fair
 Cou'd triumph in a Man's Dispair ?
 What Nymph cou'd trap a Lover's Heart
 And then delight to make it smart ?
 O Heavens ! this *celia* she can do
 And more to make her Loyer rue.

V.

Ah ! wretched one who ne'er did try
 The smiling Treachery of her Eye.

But

But since I've got my Danger o'er
And safely landed on the Shoar,
The Tribute of my Safety, I
Will pay to *Neptune's* Deity.



A

TRANSLATION ·

O F

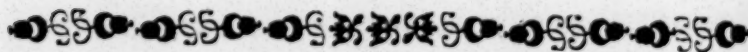
*Horace's Fourth ODE, BOOK I.**By the same Hand.*

SHARP Winter's Blasts the grateful Spring expels,
And gentle *Zephyre* now the Canvas swells.
The thirsty Ship shakes off her frozen Chain
And proudly rides along the briny Main.
The brawny Plough-man hates the glowing Fire,
And frisking Cattle from their Stalls retire.
No hoary Frosts dare nip the tender Head
Of the fair Dazy, or the Fields o'erspread.
For *Venus* now the joyful Choir heads,
And trips by Moon-Light round the fragrant Meads,
Joyn'd by the Graces, and her Nymphs, who make
With nimble Feet the yielding Earth to shake,
Vulcan blows up his Forge and makes a Heat,
While labouring *Cyclops* at their Anvils sweat.

Q 3

Now

Now crown your Heads with Myrtle or with Flowers,
 And briskly spend the present tempting Hours.
 Now sacrifice your Lambs in shady Groves,
 Or Kids to *Faunus* which he best approves,
 For Death, who rules with an impartial Sway,
 Sweeps King and Beggar equally away.
Sextus, short Life forbids us to extend.
 Our growing Hopes beyond their destin'd End.
 Dark Night will seize you, when by Force you'll go
 To visit *Pluto* and the Shades below.
 Where once arriv'd, all earthly Joys are ceas'd ;
 You'll ne'er be chose the Master of a Feast.
 The lovely *Lycida* you can't enjoy;
 Surviving Youths must press the tender Boy
 Until his Vigour and enchanting Charms
 Distract the Maids and set them all at Arms.



A

PASTORAL ELEGY.

By a young GENTLEMAN in the University.
Symmers.

LET other Poets all their Art employ,
 To burn with hostile Flames some hapless Troy,
 Or trace their Heroes in a lofty Strain,
 Thro' feigned Mazes of the bloody Plain,
 And bring down Gods from Heav'n to combate Men.

But

But no such Themes my infant Muse shall try;
The Eagle soars not e'er she learns to fly;
Obscure a While she shall in Valleys dwell,
And sing the Passion which I know too well;
Nor needs she blush to dwell in rural Scenes,
And, harmless, revel 'mongst the jovial Swains;
The Gods and Nymphs possess the shady Grove,
And where's a fitter Place to sing of Love?
Who can refuse to tread on flow'ry Plains,
And yet has read immortal *Maro's* Strains?

Begin then Muse——

In fam'd *Arcadian* Plains there liv'd a Dame
Fair as *Helena*; *Chloe* was her Name.
With Care peculiar Nature form'd the Maid,
And at her Feet their Stores the Graces laid,
Her flaxon Hair with wanton Ringlets flow'd,
Her lovely Cheeks with rosy Beauties glow'd,
Her coral Lips white pearly Teeth array'd,
And in her Eyes a thousand *Cupids* play'd;
Each pointed Look and Glance her Pow'r express'd,
And ev'ry Limb some killing Charm possess'd;
So the fam'd *Porcupine* from ev'ry Part,
With fatal Success launches out a Dart.

Strephon beheld her Beauties, with Surprise,
And wander'd o'er her Form with Lovers Eyes;
Quick as a Thought the pointed Light'ning came;
Thrill'd thro' his Veins and set his Heart on flame;

Plung'd

Plung'd in Amaze and stung with pleasing Pain,
He try'd to ease his Smart but try'd in vain.

Thus when the tim'rous Stag that lay secure,
Beneath some Shade, or in some silent Bow'r,
Is wounded by an unexpected Dart,
It starts aloft, rous'd by the cutting Smart,
And tries to wrench the Arrow from its Heart,
But ah in vain ! it lies 'mongst bleeding Veins,
Whilst the tough Flesh its bearded Point detains.

Thus *Strephon* burn'd with Love's impetuous Fire,
His Soul was plung'd in Fury and Desire,
But all his Torment cou'd not Pity move,
She scorn'd his Passion and disdain'd his Love ;
Whilst the abandon'd Shepherd all alone
'Mongst gloomy Thickets utter'd thus his Moan.

Say shady Woods, he cry'd, and ev'ry Grove,
Say solitary, conscious Scenes of Love,
If ever Maid such cruel Hatred show'd
To one whose Bosom with such Passions glow'd.

You, you ! are conscious to my racking Pain,
Beneath your Tops whole Nights I've weeping lain,
Whilst Darkness spread his dampning Wings around,
And all in Nature was in Slumbers drown'd,
Except the melancholly Moon, less pale than I,
And nightly Ghosts that glide in Silence by,
And howling Wolves awak'd by Hunger's Pain,
A far less Torment than what I sustain !

You

You have beheld how I in vain ador'd,
And Pity, bending at her Feet, implor'd;
Whilst cruel she, unshook'd by Reason, frown'd,
And fixt her Eyes, disdainful! on the Ground.

Say sacred Pow'rs, what can her Hatred move,
I'm blameless, sure if 'tis no Fault to love.
No horrid Crime my guiltless Hands has stain'd,
No God has my audacious Tongue profan'd;
Nor am I ugly—in a Brook, this Day,
I view'd my self as on its Banks I lay:
In vain, 'tis because you love, 'cause you adore,
She knows you're vanquish'd, and she'll show her Pow'r.

The Brutes for Kindness, Kindness will repay;
To him that loves them Birds will wing their Way;
The feeding Spaniel licks his Masters Feet;
And Cows give Milk to them that gave them Meat;
But Women hate the Men who for them burn,
And Inhumanity for Love return:
The Stones cou'd sooner be with Raptures fir'd,
Than they with Hospitality inspir'd.

The *Toracian Orpheus* cou'd the Rivers charm;
Cou'd savage Lions of their Rage disarm,
And with soft Thoughts the Furies Bosoms warm:
Cou'd please with Musick, *Cerberus* in Hell,
And make tormented Souls love their dark Mansions
(well.

when he was by *Bacchials* assail'd,
If his Lyre (that us'd to charm) avail'd,

In

In vain its lovely, luckless Master strove,
 Their barb'rous fatal Fury to remove,
 And he that lately charm'd tremendous Hell,
 A Victim to relentless Females fell.

But ha! ye Heav'ns! where wou'd my Fancy rove!
 What said I, prompted by distracting Love?

Ah lovely Nymph! forgive a wretched Swain,
 Impute it all to Love's tormenting Pain;
 And beauteous Maid from thence let Pity move,
 And O let Pity ripen into Love.

O think my *Chloe* you offend just Heav'n,
 (From whence that beauteous Form to you was giv'n)
 In wasting thus the Charms that were design'd,
 To crown as well as conquer Humankind.

O come my *Chloe* and be wholly mine,
 You ne'er at your Condition shall repine;
 Ah Heav'ns how sweet our Hours wou'd glid away
 Each Day shou'd still be as the Bridal-Day.
 My Fields wou'd fairer seem when you appear,
 My Forrests wou'd a greener Liv'ry wear,
 And sweeter Meads wou'd crown the happy Year.
 We wou'd at Noon retire unto the Grove,
 There tell a thousand pretty Tales of Love,
 Whilst Streams in Murmurs wou'd our Joy express,
 And Birds in sweeter Notes wou'd sing our Happiness.
 O how delightful wou'd it be! in May,
 To see the Rusticks reap the fragrant Hay,

To see our well fed Cattle, lowing come,
From fruitful Meads, with strutting Udders, home!
No Years, no Ages shou'd impair my Love,
But ev'ry Hour the Passion wou'd improve.

Ah! with what pleasing Fancies wou'd Desire
The hapless Lover's roving Mind inspire?
But ah! unhappy Shepherd 'tis in vain
To think she'll quite her rigorous Disdain.

Ill fated *Strephon*, Wretch, dear hast thou paid,
For one poor Sight of the too charming Maid.
For since innerving Love has reach'd your Breast,
You have forgot all Business and Rest;
Your Cows unheaded o'er the Mountains roam,
Or come with empty Udders ever home;
Your Cocks unrear'd ly scatter'd o'er the Fields,
And no fair Fruit your ruin'd Garden yields;
Your tender Groves by brousing Goats are vex'd,
And your neglected Hedge with Brambles is perplex'd.

O Nymph tho' I must ne'er possess your Charms,
Tho' I must never clasp you in these Arms;
Yet grant this Boon, the latest Boon I'll crave,
When I am dead, and you behold my Grave,
Forbear to smile do not upbraid my Clay,
But with a piteous Eye look down and say;
' There breathless *Strephon* lies, a youthful Swain
' By cruel Fates and am'rous Passions slain.

" As blameless dies the Lilly, so he fell,
 " Quite innocent; but lov'd, alas! too well.



The DAY chang'd:

A

POEM in blank V E R S E.

By a BOY in the University to his Governour.

W
 A S *Lydia*, when her Heart is kind, appears
 Calm and unruffled, innocent and gay,
 Smooth like the Ocean unprovok'd by Winds,
 And pleasant as a smiling Infant is:
 But, when offended at her Lover, frowns,
 Looks terrible, and threatneth endless Rage;
 Clouds brood upon the Brow before serene;
 Tempests and Storms upon the Youth are pour'd,
 And fierce Disdain succeeds the Joys of Love:
 Just so this Day, *dear Sir*, appear'd to me——
 For when I rose and walk'd along the Plains,
 With pleasing Wonder and Delight, I saw
 The Heav'n all clear, and Nature in its Pride:
 The tuneful Larks high in the *Æther* soar'd,

And

And other Birds play'd gladfom in the Woods.
With Silver Sounds the murmuring Fountains ran,
And lesser Rills in sweet Meanders flow'd.

S. The wanton Fishes sported in my View:
Beside their harmless nibbling Flocks, I saw

The careless Shepherds ply their simple Reeds.
While flagrant Flow'rs enamel'd all the Plains,
And the high Hills array'd in native Green,
With venerable Majesty appear'd,

The aged Trees their verdant Tops display'd
And pleasing Groves a grateful Shade compos'd.

The gentle Zephyrs fann'd the tender Leaves,
And warbling Musick floated all around.

E. But, on a sudden, when the glorious Sun,
With direct Ray began to look abroad,

Gloom of Clouds o'ercaft the charming Skies
And from my Sight wrapt up the joyous Day.
Swift as a Thought, quick Lightnings, thro' the Air,
Flash'd terrible. Collected Vapours broke
In winged Fires, and with impetuous Course,
Dash'd numberless, and sing'd the Face of Nature;

Then after these, dread Peals of Thunder roul'd,
Shook all the Skies, and grumbled thro' the Air.
The affrighted World before it wou'd have fled,

While the whole Glob did tremble at the Sound.
Clouds clash'd with Clouds, and lowring Storms above
Hung imminent, and shaded all beneath.

Doubled Claps of Thunder burst a Passage
To Hail and Rain, th' Artillery of Jove!

That smile'd before, now look'd aghast.

Flow'rs

And

Flow'rs hung their Heads, and Birds did drop their
(Wings.

Drench'd were the Fields, whilst ev'ry Stream o'erflow'd
Its verdant Banks, and bore the Dams away.
Where late was Dust, the rapid Torrents roul,
And all the Dunghills tumble down the Flood.
Old Limbs of Trees from crackling Woods are torn,
And flying Beasts in Forrests seek abode.
An universal Uproar fill'd the World,
And Heav'n it self put on its Winter Face.
Disconsolate the whole Creation seem'd,
And I, half drown'd, am just returned Home,
But with a ready and aspiring Mind,
To share the Blessings of the best Instruction.



A
PASTORAL ELEGY
To the MEMORY of Mr. FOORD

By a LADY.

BELINDA.

SEE! *Celia*, see! where fair *Evadne* lies!
Hark! How her Spirit vents it self in Sighs?
Unheeded by her, on the craggy Rocks,
Observe her Cattle wand'ring, and her Flocks.

I like it not—Let us together go
And ask the Reason of her weighty Woe.

CELIA.

What means this Posture, dear *Evadne*, say?
Are any of your Lambkins made a Prey?
Have Midnight Thiefs your slender Fences broke?
Or, chosen Heifers suffer'd by a Stroke?
Does charming *Strephon* prove at last unkind?
Whate'er it be, 'twill ease, to tell your Mind.

EVADNE.

No *Celia*, no: It seems you have not heard
That late has hap'n'd what so long we fear'd.
The Star that shone too bright for feeble Eyes
Is faln, and left us nought but cloudy Skies.

BELINDA.

My Heart misgives me—Sure no Swain is dead.

EVADNE.

The fair *Alexis* in the Grave is laid.

CELIA.

Ah! woful Subject! worthy your Distress.
What Grief is Grief that flows not to Excess?
Better for us a thousand Swains had dy'd
Than that chief Work of Nature been destroy'd.

Since

Since he is gone let Flocks and Cattle now
Wander at will, and be devoured too.

Alexis was the Pride of all the Swains,
And with him fled the Pleasure of our Plains.

E V A D N E.

O, mighty *Pan*! who shall thy Works proclaim?
Or, who, in tuneful Strains, record thy Name?
Where is the Shepherd that can fill his Place,
Be dear and useful as *Alexis* was?
If Heav'n's high Truths he utter'd, how sincere,
How moving all his Thoughts and Language were?
He taught us what to shun, and what pursue;
At once our Love and Rev'rence to him drew.
Now all his Maxims, as his Spirit, pure,
Fresh in our Minds, our mournful Minds, occur.

B E L I N D A.

Yes—who can e'er forget the Things he said?
So true his Words, so well he did persuade.
Oft has he told us that the Store we have,
All that from Heav'n in Bounty we receive,
Shou'd be improv'd to the Giver's Praise,
And, to its Spring, our Hearts, with Gladness, raise.
That for our Use the Pasture and the Field,
The Hills and Woods, their various Products yield;
That Time is fleet, and we must quickly go
To blest *Elysium*, or the Dens of Woe.

Thus we were taught to live and die aright,
But now our Guide is ravish'd from our Sight,
And left us wand'ring in the pitchy Night.

C E L I A.

Then so good natur'd was the blooming Youth,
So he excell'd in Honesty and Truth,
Such melting Charms attended on his Song,
His Air so fine, so eloquent his Tongue ;
In spite of us, we cou'd not cease to Love,
And call them Rocks *Alexis* did not move.

E V A D N E.

Now envious Swains that scorn'd the Youth before
Know their Mistake, and with his Friends deplore.
For who can think how innocent he was,
How sweet his Sayings, and how good his Grace,
And not, with us, the dear *Alexis* mourn,
Alexis laid in an untimely Urn?

B E L I N D A.

See ! where, in Crowds, they gather all around,
Tears in their Eyes, their Heads with *Cypress* crown'd ;
Their outward Conduct tells their inward Care ;
Such Sorrow can be no less than sincere.

C E L I A.

No Wonder Nymphs and Swains their Loss bewail
When Beasts and Birds have got the mournful Tale.

R.

The

The cooing Turtles fly their loved Seats,
 And mourn as if they loos'd their proper Mates.
 The Lambkins bleat, and weary Heifers low;
 No more their Cuds the heavy Oxen chow;
 Upon the Hills the Goats are gone astray;
 The Kids are willing to be made a Prey;
 No Voice is heard in all the feather'd Groves,
 But Nightingales complaining of their Loves.
 The very Winds in hollow Accents groan,
 Trees weep their Leaves, and wet is ev'ry Stone.

E V A D N E.

Ah! who can tell the Pain and anxious Throws
 Which *Amaryllis*, his poor Widow, knows?
 What Torture feels she whom he loved best?
 What briny Tears bedew her swelling Breast?
 Lonely and sad upon the Rock she lies,
 Whilst all the neighbouring Shepherds sympathize.
 Yet all their Sorrows cannot rate their Loss:
 Tho' great's their Mourning, greater is their Cross.
 Poor is the Tribute of Condolence paid
 For him that's now in silent Ruin laid.

B E L I N D A.

Ah! what is Life and Beauty, and a Name?
 From hence all earthly Glories I'll disclaim.
 Since all the Toys which Mortals fondly trust,
 Like their Possessors, wither into Dust.

Ev'n fair *Alexis* is an airy Shade,
His Charms are lost, and all his Graces fled.

CELLIA.

Yet let us not be wilful in our Grief
And mourn his Fate who wants not our Relief:
From yon bright Skies he views us here below,
And, with kind Pity, wonders at our Woe.



EPITHALAMIUM

O N

The Marriage of a FRIEND.

By a Boy in his Fifteenth Year. DM

David Malloch

THE nuptial Day and genial Bed I sing—
Muse soar aloft, and spread a daring Wing,
While, with transporting Ardour, I pursue
The Scene of Bliss, and all its Raptures view,
Let warbling *Syrchs* crown the runeful Lay,
And infant Loves their rosy Sweets display;
Let youthful Glories smile in every Line,
And all my Verse with manly Lustre shine:

Now purple Rays the gilded Skies adorn,
 And, dawning into Blushes, paint the Morn;
 Blissful *Aurora* rears her golden Head,
 And the more lovely Bride forsakes her Bed.
 Ten thousand smiling Glories light her Eyes,
 And, kindling into Flame, successive Rise.
 Unfulfill'd Innocence her Beauty wears
 In all the spotless Sweets of tender Years.
 So would descending Angels charm the Sight
 With heavenly Dress and pure *Ætherial* Light.
 A Train of charming Maidens crowd the Room,
 All flush'd with dawning Charms and springing Bloom:
 But she amidst the Crowd serenely shone:
 Thus blushing *Cynthia* mounts her *Azure* Throne,
 And, with Superior, radiant Glories, bright,
 Improves the lesser Stars, and gilds the Night.
 Fair as the Spring, she looks surpassing Gay,
 And, with refulgent Charms, outshines the Day;
 Enamour'd *Zephyrs* gently round her fly,
 While ardent Youth in murm'ring Wishes sigh;
 Because her awful Charms the same Access deny.
 Her flow'ry Robes with splendid Tincture glow,
 And, thro' the Shade, a Heaven of Beauty show.
 So the bright Ruler of the chearful Day,
 With downy Purple, gilds his Eastern Way,
 A sprightly Gleam shoots thro' the dusky Cloud,
 That only serves the dazzling Flash to shroud.
 And now the breathing Flute and tuneful Lyre
 Rouse every slumb'ring Passion to Desire:

The future Bliss beats high in every Vein,
And flaming *Cupids* thro' her Love-sick Bosom reign,

Still with the Day her brightning Graces grow,
And rising Beauties on fresh Beauties glow.
The purple Blood flies to her flow'ry Face,
Lights up her Charms, and heightens every Grace.
Now in its Crimson Lustre shone the Rose,
And now a bashful White the Lilly shows,
Now sweetly blended, in her Cheeks, they strive
With equal Bloom, and finish'd Beauties give.

But see from far the purple Youth appears
Adorn'd in all the Pride of manly Years!
Smiles sit exulting on his awful Brow,
And his fair Eyes a sprightly Vigour show.
Hail blissful Pair! with every Glory crown'd,
Where ardent Love and brightest Charms are found,
May smiling Graces deck the nuptial Bed,
And with the Sweets of Love, the soft Retirement spread.
May laughing Plenty spread his downy Wing,
And all your Days be one unfading Spring!

But now the rapid Sun drives down the Day,
With ebbing Light adorns his Western Way,
Upon the Verge of Heaven, and plunges in the Sea.
While twinkling *Vesper* shoots a milder Light,
Invites the Stars, and gilds the peaceful Night.
Now see the modest Fair! what Blushes rise,
Vary her Charms and sparkle thro' her Eyes!

Now Virgin Purity is wak'd within,
 And startles at the distant Thought of Sin:
 Now ardent Flames the bashful Fears destroy,
 And bear down all before the coming Joy.
 Thus while retir'd, her secret Pow'rs convey,
 Appears the Bridegroom manly and serene;
 Gay tender Blushes check his awful Face,
 Rise in his Eyes, and soften every Grace.
 At last with tender Force the weeping Maid
 Is to the mighty Scene of Joy convey'd:
 The downy Bed with fragrant Sweets is crown'd,
 Diffusing cheerful Odours all around.
 A lofty Elm before the Window grew,
 Round which a curling Vine of purple Hue
 Had twin'd her am'rous Folds, and deckt the Scene
 With blushing Clusters and fair streaky Green.

See charming Maid the gay, the blissful Sight,
 Thus give a Loofe to Pleasure and Delight,
 Indulge the sacred Bliss, and crown the happy Night.

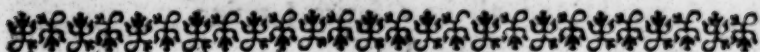
Now all alone their every Glance imparts
 The sweet Confusion of their melting Hearts.
 Her Virgin Hand with eager Warmth he takes
 And softly whisp'ring thus the Silence breaks:
 I feel, my Fair, I feel the ardent Fire!
 Ye Gods, how gay the Maid! how strong the fierce Desire!
 And shall I now engross those blooming Charms,
 And clasp consummate Beauty in my Arms?

The World and all its Glories I resign,
Thou, only thou, bright Charmer still be mine. A
Relent my Fair! thus lost in Tides of Joy,
While ardent Flames the mighty Pleasure buoy,
We the vain Barriers of our Bliss destroy.
He said—his glowing Fire ecstasick roves,
And every Kiss confesses how he loves;
But she with downcast Eyes the Force withstands,
Resists the Onset, and averts his Hands.

Love, mighty Love, at Length triumphant reigns,
And shoots the ardent Warmth thro' all her Veins:
Melting to Joy, she folds him in her Arms,
Gives up *Elizium* and resigns her Charms:
Amidst tumultuous Blessings thus they rowl,
And drink the Pleasure to their inmost Soul,
Launch'd from the Shoar, thro' all the Seas they rove,
And quench their Flames with eager Draughts of Love.

D. M.





O N
S L E E P,

In Imitation of the E--- of R----- Stile
in his Copy of Verses on Nothing.

B 7 B.

I.

HAIL pow'rful Sleep! who on thy downy Breast,
Lull'st busy Mankind's careful Mind to Rest,
And to a wearied Soul of Balsom's art the best.

II.

What *chaos* was we plainly find in thee,
Bound in thy filken Cords we're wholly free,
And in thy Chains enjoy a perfect Liberty.

III.

Thou art the truest Emblem of our last,
Thou often drown'st Remembrance of the past,
And to a Man giv'st Ease, on Rocks of Sorrow cast.

IV.

Like Death thou bear'st an universal Sway,
Monarchs as well as Slaves must you obey,
Thou more than Years dost reign; Death reigns not
(half a Day.

V. In

V.

In this Thing too you widely disagree,
In it we no alternate Dawning see,
We do decay by Death, but are reviv'd by thee.

VI.

Thou canst do all Things by thy forcive Charms,
The modest Maid of Coyneſs thou diſarms,
And mak'ſt her glowing flie into her Lover's Arms.

VII.

Thou canſt diſſolve the ſtony Heart to Tears,
And plunge the Chearful in a Sea of Cares,
The boldeſt Hero fright, howe'er unus'd to Fears.

VIII.

The Men from whom the Goods of Fortune fly,
You with a bounteous Hand their Wants ſupply,
Waking tho' ſtarv'd, ſleeping they ſwim in Luxury.

IX.

To mournful Man thou art a grateful Gueſt,
When Storms of Grief his anxious Mind moleſt,
Thou calm'ſt the raging Sea, that foams within his
(Breast.

X. Yet

XX

Yet thou sometimes art a proleptick Hell
 To those vile Souls where blackest Vilenies dwell,
 You all their restless Dreams with horrid Fancies swell.

XI.

Thou art the Store-house to which all Men fly
 And draw from thence the best of Life's Supply,
 We all, to live again, in thee do often die.

XII.

Our Mother Nature first did give us source,
 But thou dost fauster us in this our Course,
 And keep'st us longer free from Death's invading Force.

XIII.

When our bright Lamp is ready to expire,
 Thou often add'st fresh Fuel to the Fire,
 Thou art the sound Man's Joy and the sick Man's Desire.

XIV.

For when grim Death would waft our Souls away
 Thou cheat'st the longing Tyrant of his Prey,
 And by a Drop of Night bring'st forth a Flood of Day.

XV.

Nor do our Hours, when spent in thee, fly waste;
Of the *Pierian* Spring the Poets taste,
And with the sacred Nine luxuriantly do feast.

XVI.

Tho' o'er the Soul the Body casts a Fog,
Nor can it soar with such a lumpish Clog,
Thus is the Eagle check'd, chain'd to a heavy Log.

XVII.

Yet when set free by thee it mounts the Skies,
Piercing th' opposing Mist it upwards flies,
And treads the stary Coast before the Body dies.

XVIII.

But this great Privilege is not allow'd,
By thee, unto the vulgar profane Crowd,
None gain this Bliss who have not to the Muses bow'd.

XIX.

Th' Astronomer in thee draws wond'rous Schemes,
The Warrior by himself whole Legions tames,
And grasps at Night the Fame, at which by Day he
(aims.

XX. As

XX.

As thou the Mind canst with Ideas fill,
So all our roving Thoughts you sometimes still,
Whether we dream or not is at thy sov'reign Will.

XXI.

Those toilsome Minds which stir about for Gain,
Nothing but you can force them to refrain,
Its thou alone that giv'st a Respite to their Pain.

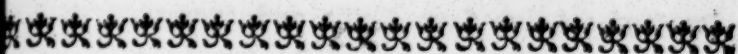
XXII.

The Merchant's Trade, the Lawyer's Oratry,
The Statesman's Schemes, the Soldier's Bravery
Are often at an End, and wholly hush'd in thee.

J. B.



T H



THE ELEVATION.

By Mr. C.——^{Calender}r.

I.

ENOUGH, my Soul, of earthly Joys!
Thou seest the choicest Pleasure here,
When oft repeated, fours and cloys,
And nothing can be tasted that's sincere.

II.

The brightest Things below the Sky
But flatter and deceive the Mind:
And soon the sweetest Objects dy,
Which most we value, and esteem refin'd.

III.

The humble Grounds where Sorrows grow,
And true Delight can never be,
No more shall charm my Spirits now,
Nor make a willing Prostitute of me.

IV.

There is a Land above the Stars,
(Where my young Mitchell has his Home)

Its Joys are free from Guilt and Snares,
No Grief nor Danger near its Borders come.

V.

Th' Eternal there has fix'd his Throne;
Which Angels in their Ranks surround;
Before it shining Saints are prone,
And all the Roofs with Hallelujahs sound.

VI.

The Sun and Moon are useless there:
A greater and more hallow'd Light
For ever gilds the Hemisphere,
And ravishes the Soul, as well as charms the Sight.

VII.

Heav'n's native Rays with Splendour shine,
The Glory spreads thro' endless Space,
No Bounds the rapt'rous Bliss confine,
No Time divides the Seasons of the Place.

VIII.

The Joy in full Perfection flows,
And glides in mighty Circles round;
True Peace no Interruption knows,
And purest Love and Transports still abound.

IX. Morning

IX.

Mount to the Hill where *Moses* stood,
And view, my Soul, the Landskip o'er :
You'll scorn the Fears of *Jordan's* Flood,
When you by Faith yon *Canaan's* Land explore.

X.

I see the distant dazzling Light,
And now I feel my Spirits rise :
I long, I pant to wing my Flight,
And view the Land with unbecclouded Eyes.

XI.

My Soul almost forfakes its Clay,
And scorns to dwell with mortal Worms :
It claims a Place, and soars away
To join above its own cogenial Forms.

XII.

Fly, lazy Time, and headlong roul
My weary Life unto an End :
Angelick Bands, receive my Soul,
And bear it up to join my happy Friend.

The End of the First Volume.



